

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 21, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

Inside NBC's Big Olympic TV Deal



More what?

More of a cigarette. That's what.

With more of the good things that so many cigarette smokers are going for:

The long lean burnished brown look.

The smooth easy draw.

The slow-burning smoke that gives you more puffs for your money, more time for enjoyment.

More. It's like any really good cigarette. And much more.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

FILTER 22 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL 22 mg. "tar", 1.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG '79

BIGGEST DEAL IN SPORTS HISTORY ROCKNE, RUTH & ROSE—ALL FOR \$1

Choose any three great sports books on this page for only \$1 when you join Sports Illustrated Book Club



108 **Rockne: The Coach, The Man, The Legend** by Jerry Broadfield \$8.95

Football— Picks of the Month

102 **The Gladiators.** A photographic documentary of pro football in the 70s \$14.95

121 **The Game of Their Lives.** The 1958 championship game between the Colts and the Giants by Dave Klein \$7.95

104 **The Fighting Irish.** A history of Notre Dame football by William Gildea and Christopher Johnston \$12.95



109 **Gifford On Courage** Ten portraits of athletes who faced major crises by Frank Gifford with Charles Mangel \$8.95

123 **30 Years at Pro Football's Great Moments** by Jack Clark \$9.95

157 **About Three Bricks Shy of A Load.** Behind the scenes of the Pittsburgh Steelers by Roy Blount, Jr. \$8.95

190 **Fighting Back.** Rocky Bleier's classic comeback story by Rocky Bleier with Terry O'Neill \$8.95



107 **Babe** by Robert W. Creamer \$9.95

199 **All The Moves: A History of College Basketball** by Neil D. Isaacs \$12.95

210 **The Sports Book: An Unabashed Assemblage of Heroes, Strategies, Records & Events** by Min S. Yee and Donald K. Wright \$12.95

195 **Maverick: More than a Game** by New York Knicks forward Phil Jackson with Charles Rosen \$8.95

113 **The Ice Men.** Inside story (with photos) of the sportsworld's most brutal game by Gary Ronberg \$7.95

126 **Baseball's Greatest Moments** by Joseph Reischer \$9.95

134 **Life On The Run** by New York Knicks forward Bill Bradley \$8.95

220 **Catfish: The Three Million Dollar Pitcher** Baseball's bidding war to land Jim "Catfish" Hunter by Bill Libby \$7.95

224 **Baseball Between The Lines.** Sequel to *Baseball When The Great War Bred* by Donald Homig with an introduction by Ted Smith \$8.95

101 **Inner Tennis: Playing the Game** A how-to book with physical and mental exercises by W. Timothy Gallwey \$8.95



253 **Charlie Hustle.** Diary of a season with the Cincinnati Reds by Pete Rose with Bob Hertzog \$7.95

229 **Sports in America** by James A. Michener \$12.50

158 **The Way It Was.** Twelve of the most memorable sports events of all time edited by George Vecsey \$14.95

160 **The Legend of Dr. J.** The Story of Julius Erving by Marty Bell \$7.95

and agree to buy 4 books during the next 12 months.

Read all about the superstars—the legends of baseball, basketball, football, hockey, tennis and golf. Learn more about them and the games they play (you may even learn how to improve your own game, whatever it may be.)

As a Sports Illustrated Book Club member, you'll be offered top books like these, fifteen times a year, most at substantial discounts.

This is the best sports reading at the best prices. Join now. Plus later.



185 **Dynasty: The New York Yankees, 1949-1964** by Peter Goldenberg \$9.95

Sports Illustrated

Operated by Book of the Month Club, Inc.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17002

7-58174-21 Book Club

Please enroll me as a member of the Sports Illustrated Book Club and send me the three books I've indicated by number in the boxes below, billing me \$1 for all three. I agree to buy at least four additional Selections or Alternates during my first year as a member, choosing from the best sports books available and paying, at most once, special membership prices. I may cancel my membership any time after I've bought the four additional books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments. Fifteen times a year, I'll get the Sports Illustrated Book Club News. It's free and describes the new Selections and many Alternates. If I want the Selection I do nothing; it will be shipped to me automatically. If I want an Alternate—or no book at all—I'll say so on the reply form that always comes with the News, and mail the form in time to reach the Club by the date shown on the form. If the News is delivered late and I receive the Selection without having had at least ten days to decide whether I want it, I can send it back at Club expense.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

30

NAME	LAST	FIRST	MIDDLE
ADDRESS			
CITY	STATE	ZIP	
☐ CHECK HERE IF UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE			

FIAT ANNOUNCES A \$400 FACTORY REBATE ON THE '76 FIAT 131.

To get your rebate, just see your local Fiat dealer, pick the '76 Fiat 131 2-door coupe, 4-door sedan or wagon you want from his stock, and make your best deal with him (Your dealer will be in a bargaining mood because it's end-of-year clearance time.) Then simply take delivery of

your Fiat by March 31.

You can apply the \$400 rebate towards the down payment, or Fiat will send you a check for \$400 if you like.

Either way, you'll be getting a Fiat that's bigger and more luxurious than any Fiat you've ever seen. A car that offers a wealth of standard

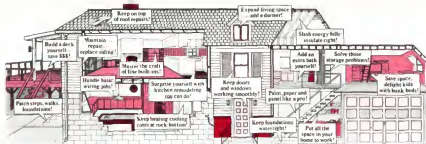
features comparable to cars costing thousands of dollars more.

So besides getting the most rebate we've ever offered, you'll be getting it on the most Fiat we've ever offered.

FIAT

\$400 BACK





Now, America's outstanding "how-to" publisher introduces a series that can help you save hundreds of dollars a year!

**TIME
LIFE
BOOKS**

presents HOME REPAIR AND IMPROVEMENT

Get the introductory volume for FREE 15-day trial

With money as tight as it is, who can afford to spend \$15 to replace a 15-cent washer... \$50 for installing a simple electrical outlet... \$400 for repairing a water-damaged ceiling! Yet these prices are typical of the outrageous costs of home repairs and improvements today.

The way out, of course, is to do it yourself. And it isn't all that hard when you really know how. Now there's a series that shows you: **TIME-LIFE BOOKS' HOME REPAIR AND IMPROVEMENT**. These books are lavishly illustrated with drawings so clear they almost take you by the hand and do the job with you. The instructions will

guide you point by point, from start to finish. And this guidance is really authoritative, relayed to you by the expert Editors of **TIME-LIFE BOOKS** from specialists in every area of home repair and improvement.

Volume by volume, the series will give you a practical, working knowledge of *Paint and Wallpaper*, *Bone Wiring*, *Framing*, *Working with Wood*, *Masonry*, *Roofs and Siding*, *Weatherproofing* and much more. You'll have the know-how you need to deal with virtually every type of repair job that could come up in your home. You'll know which to tackle yourself and when it would be wiser (and cheaper, in the long run) to call in a pro. As for home improvements, the books will give you hundreds of exciting new ideas, plus the detailed drawings, lists of supplies and

tools required, and instructions you need to put them to use.

Take a look at the introductory volume, free...

Paint and Wallpaper shows you how to get great results, even if you've never tackled these jobs before. How to remove old paint and paper, matching paint to surfaces, where to use stains, varnish, shellac; how much paper or paint you'll need; how to match paper patterns around a room, patching plaster, a mess-free pasting method, repairing torn paper or removing bubbles, do's and don'ts of outdoor painting, much more! See for yourself - we'll send you *Paint and Wallpaper* to examine and use for 15 days without cost. Details are in the order form. Mail it to **TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60611**.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS
Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *Paint and Wallpaper* and my free booklet, *The Home Tool Kit: Plans and Tools*, for 15 days' free examination and enter my subscription to the *Time-Life Home Repair and Improvement* series. If I decide to keep *Paint and Wallpaper*, I will pay \$5 plus shipping and handling and the *Home Tool Kit* is mine to keep at no extra cost. I then will receive, where volumes in the *Time-Life Home Repair and Improvement* series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each volume is \$6.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 15-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you. If I do not choose to keep *Paint and Wallpaper*, I will return it and the *Home Tool Kit* within 15 days; my reservation for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation. COA939

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss
☐ Me (Please Print)
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LOOK AT HOW MUCH YOU CAN SAVE ON LABOR COSTS

Replace a 15 cent faucet washer	SAVE \$ 15
Repair a water damaged bedroom ceiling	SAVE \$400
Install a simple electrical outlet	SAVE \$ 50
Reshingle the garage roof (Imagine how much you can save by doing the roof of your house!)	SAVE \$300
Lay a new vinyl floor in the kitchen	SAVE \$200
Build an 18' x 18' deck overlooking the back yard	SAVE \$580

(Figures are based on estimates in metropolitan area. Labor and material costs vary by area, but you can always save when you do it yourself.)



Among the volumes

- 128 pages of valuable know-how in each volume
- Diagrams, photos, step-by-step instructions galore
- Sturdy, hardbound — for long, rough use

PAINT AND WALLPAPER

Do your own brickwork and masonry repairs



Handle basic wiring jobs



Do your own remodeling



How to paint, paper and panel

Yours FREE with PAINT AND WALLPAPER

What constitutes the well-balanced tool kit? How many hammers do you need? Screwdrivers? How to get the longest wear from saws, files, chisels, rasps? From key factors to consider when buying a tool to general tool maintenance — it's all covered in *The Home Tool Kit*, a valuable booklet free with purchase of *Paint and Wallpaper*.



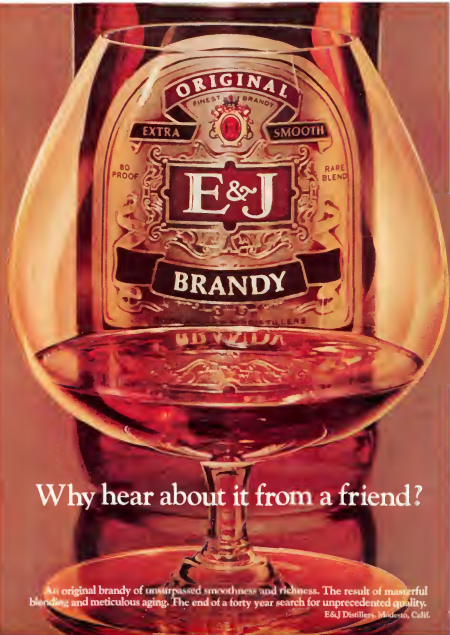
Famous Time-Life "There's how" pictures help you do jobs right, from planning to finish.



Whether you're a beginner or veteran handyman, crystal-clear text, drawings, charts, color-coded diagrams help develop or enlarge skills. You'll be surprised at how "tough" jobs are made easy.



Know-how you need to tackle remodeling jobs in any area of the house.



Why hear about it from a friend?

An original brandy of unsurpassed smoothness and richness. The result of masterful blending and meticulous aging. The end of a forty year search for unprecedented quality.

E&J Distillers, Modesto, Calif.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers will be seeing double. In addition to their weekly copy of the magazine, subscribers will be receiving as part of their subscription a copy of the special issue, *A Year in Sports*, which will also be available on most newsstands Tuesday, Feb. 22.

A Year in Sports is a 148-page bonanza of color photographs and text. Working closely with Art Director Richard Gangel and other members of SI's editorial staff, Senior Editor Peter

rite with the help of Reporter Myra Gelband As Fierite says, he set about looking for "Moments. So much of sports competition is in flashes, split seconds of drama. There is always tension, and sometimes humor or disappointment. Beauty, glory, irony. And mostly accomplishment. I looked for those moments of achievement, to express in words what a picture can convey in a single frame."

The special issue contains more than 100 pictures, the best of some 500,000 taken during the year. Some appeared in the magazine, many others have not been previously published. For example, Picture Researcher Barbara Hencel spent three weeks culling selections from the Innsbruck and Montreal Olympics alone. "I was looking for two types of pictures," she says. "Those that were important and newsworthy, and the more artistic shots, the ones that prod the memory or evoke a mood."

Picture Editor Don Delliquanti, who edited photographs of football, basketball and baseball, made a couple of selections for reasons of his own. He is a Rutgers alumnus, class of '64, and—wonders never cease—the issue includes a spectacular overhead action shot of Rutgers Guard Mike Dabney.

The picture of the late Tom Yawkey, the Boston Red Sox owner, was also a Delliquanti choice. Two years ago Staff Photographer Neil Leifer, spotting Yawkey in Fenway Park, clicked off a few frames. "I was moved by the Yawkey portraits at the time," Delliquanti says, "but they weren't appropriate for the story we were doing. So I took the best one and stuck it in my desk. When Yawkey died last year I pulled it out. This special issue just seemed like the perfect place."

A Year in Sports probably contains some of your favorites, too. And it is one case of double vision that we hope you will gladly suffer.

Sack Meyer



Carry has created an album that we hope readers will treasure.

"We have never put out this kind of supplement before," Carry says. "but we have thought about it frequently. At the end of each year there is always so much we wish we had had room for, especially in Olympic years."

In addition to extensive coverage of the 1976 Summer and Winter Olympics, the special issue includes sections on baseball, basketball, football, hockey, golf, tennis, boxing and horse racing, each illustrated with vivid photographs and accompanied by a summary of the year's highlights.

The text piece in the special issue was done by Senior Writer Ron Fim-



Robert D. Bugher
President, American Public Works Association

LAS VEGAS CONVENTIONS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

"The 82nd Annual Meeting of the American Public Works Association is now history. We thank you and your associates for helping to make it one of the most successful we have ever presented.

The excellent hotels and exhibit facilities and the outstanding entertainment attractions that are regularly booked in Las Vegas make it the number one convention center in the world."

Write us on your letterhead stationery for our new color brochure giving all the details Director of Sales, Las Vegas Convention Bureau, Post Office Box 14006, Las Vegas, Nevada 89114



LAS VEGAS

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

GOOD SKATE

Those Heiden kids are at it again. Old-timers at the Madison (Wis.) Figure Skating Club will recall that Eric and Beth had seemed hopeless. All they had wanted to do was race around the rink. They were still racing last week. Eric, now 18 and a University of Wisconsin freshman, was in Heerenveen, The Netherlands, as a member of the U.S. team in the men's world speed skating championships. Beth was competing in the women's world meet at Keystone, Colo. She is 17 now, the youngest and, at 88 pounds, the smallest member of the U.S. team. Eric is six feet and 165 pounds.

No way an 88-pound girl is going to beat the Europeans, many of whom have thighs that weigh that much, and, indeed, the Russians scored a one-two-three sweep in the overall standings. Which left it up to Eric in Holland.

First day, Eric won the 500 meters in 38.80, breaking the track record. He followed that with a ninth-place finish in the 5,000 to become the overall point leader with two events to go. On Sunday, he finished third in the 1,500, but the crushing 10,000 meters was still ahead. What's more, Eric was paired in his heat with defending world champ Piet Kleine of The Netherlands. Off they went. The crowd was stunned when Eric matched Kleine stride for stride, lap after lap, and beat him. Eric finished third in the event, and with the best point total was the new world champion, the first American man to win the title in the 76-year history of world speed skating.

"A worthy world champion," said the deposed Kleine. "When a youngster can skate that well over four distances, he deserves to win."

Eric was more modest. "People will read about it," he said, "and remember it for a week, but then they'll forget."

BAD HANDS

Golf, which prides itself on the technical precision of its many rules and the meticulous way golfers generally pay atten-

tion to those fine points, fell on its face in a matter involving an 18-year-old Californian named Joe Rasseti. Rasseti, representing the Northern California Golf Association, was playing Francisco Lopez of the Northern California PGA Section in a team match. On the 13th hole Rasseti had an easy three-foot putt for a par. He had marked his ball and as he leaned over to spot it, his putter fell out of his other hand and hit the ball. It moved about three inches.

"I was stunned," Rasseti said, in an item that appeared in *Golf Digest*. "Lopez yelled at me, 'That's a shot.' He was right, of course. It's a penalty."

Rasseti then holed the putt for a bogey to halve the hole, and he and Lopez tied in their match, each earning half a point for his team. The PGA side won the match 10½-9½. "Had Rasseti hung on to his putter," said *Golf Digest*, "it would have been 10-10."

But George Marks, executive director of the Utah Golf Association and a member of the USGA rules committee for the U.S. Open, saw the item, and he realized at once that Lopez, Rasseti and

Golf Digest were all wrong on the rule.

"If you are in the process of marking or remarking the ball on the green," says Marks, "and you accidentally move the ball, it is not a penalty if you put the ball back in its proper place. This is one time a golfer does not get penalized for being clumsy."

Marks told the USGA rules committee, and that body sent a letter to *Golf Digest* explaining the rule. The score of the match, he said, should have been 10-10.

FORM

In the years since they joined the National League back in 1962, the Houston Astros have been guilty of some depressing judgment in the matter of trading baseball players, having sent off, among others, Joe Morgan, Rusty Staub, John Mayberry, Mike Cuellar, Jerry Grote, Cesar Geronimo and Dave Giusti to star with other teams. Now there is evidence that this jarring inability to recognize talent exists elsewhere in the Houston operation.

Every now and then the club conducts a Miss Astro contest, in which it brings a pretty candidate from each city in the club's broadcasting chain to the finals in Houston. One year the Corpus Christi entry was a girl who went on to fame as Farrah Fawcett-Majors.

She didn't win.

A MAN FOR A' THAT

Tennis players may be the most excused of all professional athletes. After a losing match they are wont to complain about the heavy (or light) balls, the slow (or fast) surface, the noise, the lights, the background, the line calls, the ball boys and girls, the spectators; they will not overlook bad luck, bad seeding, bad motivation; and, of course, they will be sure to let people know about the sore leg, elbow, back, knee, hand, shoulder or head that put them off their game.

This is standard operating procedure for most losers. But there is an exception, and he is a player usually lumped with the bad actors on court. He is Jimmy Connors. Even those affronted by Connors' disregard of the polite conventions of tennis behavior are beginning to recognize that Jimmy never cops a plea on a tennis court, even when he has ample reason to, as he certainly had this past month.



continued

Introducing the GM car stereo system
that's really a conversation piece.



Delco's CB and Stereo.



Now you can enjoy factory-installed two-way Citizens Band radio and AM/FM stereo in your new GM car. It's Delco's new 40-channel CB and Stereo . . . built right into the dash. And that means greater theft resistance.

What a combination! You enjoy the smooth sound of Delco Stereo and the world of CB. In fact, it lets you listen to stereo while the Citizens Band is open for receiving. A special priority override feature cuts out the music during a CB broadcast. And the broadcast comes over loud and clear through your car's audio system!

The Delco CB transceiver has a channel selector with illuminated digital readout, squelch control, AM-FM-CB mode selector and controls for volume and tone. It's combined

with a beautiful Delco AM/FM stereo system . . . all factory-installed.

Ask for Delco's new CB and Stereo on selected new Buick, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac models. Ask about Delco's new Digital Clock Stereo too. And tell your GM dealer you want "Delco-GM" on the dial, whatever sound system you want. That will assure you of GM quality.

**Delco
Electronics**



Division of General Motors
Kokomo, Indiana

Stay with GM quality. Tell your dealer "Delco."

Before playing Bjorn Borg in the finals of the Grand Slam at Boca Raton, Fla. on Jan. 23, Connors was asked where he had been in the days before the tournament. "At home," Jimmy said. "I went home to Belleville to see my folks." Connors lost to Borg, but he never mentioned that the reason he had gone home was to see his father, who was desperately ill.

A week later in Philadelphia in the finals of the U.S. Pro Indoor championship, Connors was upset by Dick Stockton. He made no excuse that day either, but after the match he immediately flew to Belleville, Ill. again, arriving at eight in the evening. Two hours later his father died, a victim of the cancer that had hospitalized him for the previous six weeks. He was 53.

Jimmy Connors often has been criticized for opening his mouth too much. But he did not talk of his dying father, did not seek sympathy, did not use his father's illness as an excuse for his defeats. In a sport where fortitude and class are sometimes sadly lacking, Connors has displayed an admirable quantity of both.

ON HOLD

After Basketball Coach Earl Voss of West Chester (Pa.) State College racked up the 99th victory of his career, the college athletic office ordered a case of champagne in anticipation of the victory celebration following No. 100.

However, along with his 99 victories Coach Voss also had 96 career losses, and after the next game he had 97. Then 98. Then 99.

In West Chester's next game, against Delaware, it buckled down and, with eight minutes to play, held an eight-point lead. The Golden Rams decided to sit on that lead and went into a four-corner stall. But the stall kept backfiring, and the lead diminished to one point. With six seconds to go, a Delaware player tipped in a missed shot and Voss had his No. 100—the wrong one.

And it kept going: 101, 102, 103. No matter how bubbly the champagne is, when Voss finally gets to drink it, it's bound to taste flat.

GUN CONTROL

Sporting crime, or crime with a sporting accent, has been occupying the attention of Massachusetts law officers. Two South Boston men were arraigned earlier this

month on charges of armed robbery—they were accused of holding up a parking lot. This is not particularly sensational news, but what was novel about the crime was the weapon used. It wasn't a .38, or a Saturday Night Special, or a sawed-off shotgun or anything like that. The men, sporting types apparently, held up the parking-lot attendant with a spear gun. We assume the detective who cracked the case rubbed his chin at some point and muttered, "Hmmm, something fishy here."

On the same day that the arrest of the alleged spear carriers appeared in the newspapers, another item reported that two Massachusetts hunters had been fined \$75 each for using an illegal weapon in their pursuit of game. No, not an automatic rifle. These fellows poached a ferret. Right there in the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts it says clearly, "a person shall not take or attempt to take any bird or mammal by the aid or use of a ferret or a fitchew, commonly known as fitch..." At least the hunters were open about it. If they had hidden the little animal, do you suppose they could have been charged with carrying a concealed ferret?

It is interesting to note, too, that the word "ferret" is derived from *furatus*, a Latin word that means—damn, the English language is fun—little thief.

THOMPSON'S LEAP

Everybody who follows basketball knows that David Thompson of the Denver Nuggets is an extraordinary athlete. Among his gifts is an amazing jumping ability. He can leap straight up 42 inches from a standing start, which means that with his body vertical the soles of his sneakers are 3½ feet in the air.

Back in the spring of 1972 when Thompson was a freshman at North Carolina State, someone persuaded him to come out and try the triple jump at a Wolfpack track meet. Thompson didn't want to at first, but then reluctantly agreed. He had never tried the event, but after a few preliminary practice runs he took off down the runway and in his first competitive effort jumped 49' 11" to set a school record.

When the basketball staff heard about Thompson's venture into track and field it hurriedly persuaded him to stop, fearing he would injure himself and endanger his basketball career. So David retired from track, opening and closing in

one, as they used to say in vaudeville.

But his 49' 11" record lasted nearly five years, or until a few weeks ago when James Coleman, who majors in triple jump, so to speak, did 49' 11½."

One jump—and a record that lasted five years: That's David Thompson.

ARMY MARCHES ON

Traditionally, a military man is named athletic director at West Point, and the assignment, like most non-combat tours of duty, lasts three years. Then a new man takes over. These repeated changes in the West Point front office have created a lack of continuity on the playing fields. Or so says General Bernard Rogers, Chief of Staff, who last week scrapped tradition by appointing retired Major General Raymond P. Murphy to the post. Murphy is Army's first civilian athletic director since Red Blaik resigned in 1959. The reason for the shift in policy, Rogers says, is to achieve "greater stability." He noted the comparatively greater success of sports at Navy, where Bo Coppedge, a now retired captain, has been director of athletics since June 1968.

Murphy had held the position before (1963-66) when he was on active duty, and he was instrumental in hiring Basketball Coach Bobby Knight, now at Indiana, and Football Coach Tom Cahill, now at Union College, two of the most successful West Point coaches in recent years. Nonetheless, his appointment probably won't rock college athletics. Even with Coppedge, Navy's football teams have won only 19 of 44 games during the last four seasons. But for Army, which in the same period has had a much more embarrassing 10-33 record, including four straight losses to Navy, it could be a step in the right direction.

THEY SAID IT

• Charles Johnson, Golden State guard, on breaking out of his two-month scoring slump: "Shooting is just like tennis. They may fall off occasionally, but you always know they'll come back."

• Bill Foster, Clemson basketball coach, on dislocating a shoulder during an upset victory: "I threw up my arms and one just kept on going."

• Rick Wanks, Cleveland Indian pitcher, who has just signed his contract, on the new trend in baseball: "The difference is, it used to be you got paid after you did it. Now you get paid before."

Does a millionth of an inch matter?



If it's your neck, it does.

At Personna we know that if we're that much more exacting on the assembly line, your shave will be that much smoother. That's why we align each set of Double II blades to a tolerance of .003 of an inch.

And when it comes to putting the final finish on the edge, we're talking in terms of one millionth of an inch.

Why we believe there's no finer razor made.

Building a razor to these standards means we have to hone each blade six times, at three different angles. And use microscopes and computers for quality control.

We do it because we know you can feel it.

Doesn't your face deserve the precision of a Personna Double II?

Personna Double II. Two sets of precision twin blades. We treat your face as if a millionth of an inch mattered. To your face, it does.



I've always been fond of my neck.

Personna Double II

treat your face with precision.



A CONTRACT

In a scene evocative of a treaty signing, Robert Howard of NBC (left) and the U.S.S.R.'s Ignati Novikov ended two years of foreign intrigue, concluding an \$85 million TV deal for the Moscow Olympics

by William Oscar Johnson



WITH THE KREMLIN



They want us to be like three scorpions fighting in a bottle. When it's over, two will be dead and the winner will be exhausted.

Thus spoke Boone Arledge, president of ABC Sports, of the way it was when the three major American television networks joined in bitter battle with the government of the Soviet Union over the U.S. rights to televise the 1980 Summer Olympic Games. It was a Cold War confrontation with an absolutely classic—if also a somewhat comic—cast of adversaries. On one side stood the network executives, representing all that is richest, sleekest, most glamorous about the free-enterprise system. They came from stately Manhattan skyscrapers, quick-witted, supersophisticated salesmen given to Gucci shoes and manicured hands. If they were not the cream of U.S. business, the network men were certainly from the tip of the vast capitalist iceberg.

On the other side stood a battery of grim Russian bureaucrats—burly, palid fellows, some former peasants with hands still hard from years of labor in the fields of Mother Russia. They were canny technocrats and politicians from the cold corridors of the Kremlin; some were in their 70s, and their longevity alone made it clear that they were among the wisest of men in this land of purges. It also is worth noting that the network representatives were not entirely without this instinct for survival, being no less vulnerable than Soviet politicians to swift turns of fortune that could send them to the Siberias of American business.

So they joined the conflict well matched—the minions of Red Square, Moscow vs. the moguls of Sixth Avenue, New York. It would be nice to report that the result was a hard, clean, clear-cut battle between two ideological juggernauts, that two gleaming machines performed in a way that displayed the best of both systems. This did not happen.

continued



The big Olympic TV deal became bogged down in misunderstanding, misjudgment and mistakes.

In fact, during the critical closing phase of negotiations that concluded three weeks ago with an astonished National Broadcasting Company being

presented with the Olympic rights for \$85 million, the only real link between the two adversaries was a garrulous little German named Lothar Bock. He is a small-time "impresario" (the term he uses to describe himself) who had more experience as a booking agent for Georgian saber dancers and Mongolian tumblers than as the indispensable middleman between a bunch of cold-eyed Soviets and high-rolling TV executives. It is true that one network man described Bock as being "a bit of a klutz," but it was Bock—and Bock alone—who plodded between Moscow and Manhattan to forge the final bond that gave the Olympics to NBC. In the bargain, he earned himself a million bucks and made his name a household word from the bar at P. J. Clarke's to the boardroom at the A. C. Nielsen Company.

This bizarre situation officially began in Vienna in October 1974, when the International Olympic Committee awarded the Soviet Union the 1980 Summer Olympics. All three networks were there just to shake hands with their new adversaries. No one was selling, no one was buying. Only one network—ABC—was absolutely certain that it would bid for the Moscow Games. Under the masterful guidance of Arledge, ABC had won the rights to six of the last eight Olympics, and it covered each with increasing excellence. But except for sport, the network had been No. 3 in the ratings for many years. That changed in the 1976-77 TV season when ABC burst to the fore, partially because of its hugely successful telecasting of the Montreal Games.

CBS had televised the Rome Olympics of 1960. That was in TV's dark ages, when rights could be purchased for \$550,000. Since then, CBS had never bid successfully—or even seriously—for an Olympics. The network had been rated No. 1 for so long that it seemed to be liv-

ing on its own Mount Olympus, showing a godlike disdain for the Games of mere mortals. However, in mid-1974, Robert F. Wussler became CBS's vice-president in charge of sports, and he was very interested in the Moscow Games.

As for NBC, it had televised the 1972 Winter Olympics from Sapporo—an esthetic disaster and a financial disappointment. Top management was at best neutral toward the Moscow Olympics. Carl Lindemann Jr., NBC's vice-president for sports, made a couple of trips to the Soviet capital in the early going but says, "I was essentially there to wave the flag. Higher network management was ambivalent. I wanted the Games in the worst way. We had lost the Munich Olympics because of a lousy \$1 million." (ABC paid \$13.5 million for the rights.)

During 1974 and 1975 the American network executives—Arledge, Wussler, Lindemann and an ever-growing cast of presidents, board chairmen, lawyers, diplomats, politicians and public-relations men—launched into a lumbering courtship that was intended to win the hearts and minds of the Soviet Olympic hierarchy. In the end, none of it seems to have made any difference in the selection of NBC. Yet the courtship was fervent, relentless—and sometimes quite public.

For example, in the fall of 1975, ABC's faltering morning show, *A.M. America*, woke up the nation to a week of reports on life in the Soviet Union that were so uncritical an embarrassed ABC man said, "We made Moscow look like Cypress Gardens without the water skiers." In 1976 CBS aired a prime-time bomb that featured a shivering Mary Tyler Moore standing on a wintry Moscow street corner, hosting a show about the Bolshoi Ballet. When Wussler was asked if this was part of his Olympic campaign, he replied, "No question about it."

As the time approached for the Montreal Games, there was a constant shuttling of network people to Moscow to wine and dine with Soviet Olympic officials. East and West became palsy-walsy, even kidding each other about whether it was the KGB or the CIA that was bugging their conversations. Mostly it was social, but in Montreal the plot at last thickened.

The U.S.S.R.'s Olympic Organizing Committee glittered with Kremlin stars. The leader was a hulking, dark-haired Ignati Novikov, 70. He had started his ca-

reer as a laborer in the Ukraine, rising through the ranks until he became one of the top half dozen men in the U.S.S.R., the deputy premier in charge of all power construction projects. Second in command was Sergei Lapin, 64, a stern and polished diplomat who had been Ambassador to Austria and China and general director of Tass. Now, as Minister of the State Committee for Television and Radio, Lapin became the Soviet Union's head propagandist. They were invariably accompanied by a battery of deputy chairmen, vice-commissioners, translators and stenographers. The Americans quickly noted a difference between two factions: Novikov, an old Kremlin hand, came on in the intransigent shoe-rapping manner of Nikita Khrushchev, while Lapin and others on the TV-radio committee seemed more subtle.

On a Saturday afternoon in Montreal, the Soviets gave a lavish party on the good ship *Alexander Pushkin*, which was moored in the St. Lawrence. The decks

Lothar Bock was the man in the middle.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN MASHKON

were awash with gallons of Stolichnaya vodka and Armenian cognac. The tables groined beneath platters of cracked lobster, sliced sturgeon, caviar. The event was purely social, even jolly. But Novikov & Co. were in town to do some serious shoe-rapping. They contacted the networks one by one and made their demand: they wanted \$210 million. In cash. The networks laughed. An NBC man said to a Russian, "210 million dollars? We were thinking of 210 million pennies." The Soviet representative stalled off in anger, but one of his comrades confided to a CBS representative that no one in Moscow expected more than \$65 million.

In fact, none of the numbers meant much of anything. NBC's Lindemann says, "We all knew the price would be between \$70 and \$100 million. I think all three of us would have gone to \$100 million." Perhaps so. But the real numbers would come later. The most troubling aspect of the Russian demands in Montreal had to do with the sensitive issue of just how much selling of the Soviet Union a U.S. network would have to do to buy into the Olympics. The fine line between propaganda and news seemed particularly fuzzy to Novikov. Wussler recalls, "He made it clear to us he expected some kind of favorable political coverage. We said we could not compromise CBS News. We might do something like the Mary Tyler Moore show, ice shows, circuses, sports."

Arledge says, "I wanted a clause in the contract that said ABC would have total control over our telecast of the Olympics. Novikov had said to me earlier in the year, 'If you show things we don't like, we will pull the plug.' I doubt they would do that, but the problem of even seeming like a propaganda arm for the Russians is delicate. For example, if you show the subways of Moscow—and they are superb—some people in the U.S. are going to see it as a selling job for the Soviets just because it isn't something negative."

The Soviets did not demand specific schedules of pro-U.S.S.R. programming, but the prospect of having to do such shows hung heavy over the networks throughout the negotiations.

As the Montreal Games ended, the Soviets said they would like to see some preliminary money bids in Moscow that fall. They would be secret, of course. NBC was particularly careful about security. It wrote a two-sentence bid on a page of

company stationery, sealed it in a film can, sent it by courier to New York's Kennedy Airport where it was given to an airline pilot, who carried it in the cockpit to Moscow. There he gave it to the driver for NBC News, who took it straight to the committee. An hour later in New York Wussler knew NBC's bid.

The early bids received by the Soviets were: NBC \$70 million, CBS \$71 million and ABC a surprising \$33.3 million for non-exclusive rights, meaning that it was already thinking of the possibility of pool coverage in which all three networks would participate. Arledge later bid \$73 million for exclusive rights.

The autumn of 1976 arrived in New York, but in Moscow it suddenly seemed to be the season of CBS. Almost two years earlier Wussler had gotten enthusiastic encouragement in his Olympic quest from William Paley, the venerable CBS board chairman. Paley said, "I'm delighted you boys want to go after this, just delighted!" Thus blessed, Wussler and Arthur Taylor, then president of the network's parent company (CBS Inc.), had begun a series of trips between Manhattan and Moscow where they established warm friendships with important committee members. However, nothing they did was as important as the signing of Bock to be CBS' representative in Moscow.

Wussler had first met Bock, 38, in the spring of '75 as the result of a phone call from film producer Bud Greenspan. "Bob, if CBS is really serious about the Olympics, the man to get them for you is sitting here in my office," Greenspan said. Wussler met Bock and invited him to dinner. Later Taylor met Bock in Moscow, and a consulting contract was arranged for him.

Who is Bock? And how did this energetic little fellow with a real-estate salesman's smile ingratiate himself with a pathologically suspicious crowd of Kremlin politicians? The answers are not clear. Was it because Bock arranged a few years ago to have a memorial plaque placed on the house in Munich where Lenin did some of his most important writing? This impressed the Soviets. Beyond that, Wussler says, "The Russians trust him at least partly because in 1968 Lothar imported a troupe of Russian singers for a tour of West Germany. They were there at the same time the Russians

invaded Czechoslovakia to crush the uprising. That week the West Germans wouldn't touch anything Russian with a 10-foot pole. Lothar had to eat about a \$75,000 loss. And he did. The Russians never forgot that. They thought Lothar showed class. They trusted him."

There are stories around Munich that contradict this theory. Some people say they cannot understand why the Soviets even let Bock into the U.S.S.R. because he allegedly once left a troupe of Georgian saber dancers flat broke in Hamburg until the Soviet government sent money to pay their bills. On another occasion, Bock reportedly marooned 60 Mongolian tumblers in a Bavarian country inn, forcing Moscow to come to the rescue again.

Whatever else he may be, Bock is a loquacious chap who is seemingly quite open about himself. Sitting in his office, which is located in the basement of a green bungalow on an unpaved street in a Munich suburb, he explained last week how his prosperous Soviet connection came to be: "In 1965 I happened to see the Osipov Balalaika Orchestra, and I thought I would bring it to Germany. I wrote to Moscow and got a letter back in Russian. I hardly even speak the language now, and I certainly didn't understand it then. But instead of having it translated, I took the next flight to Moscow. They translated it for me there. It said: 'Dear Mr. Bock. We are not interested in your offer.' But I was insistent. I continued talking to them. After a while, they saw my point, and I have been dealing with them ever since. We are fair and square with each other."

Pressed further for his formula for gaining friends in the most remote recesses of the Kremlin, Bock said, "I always tell them I am a capitalist, making no attempt to hide that I am working for profit. They accept it. They love it."

That seems all too simple. But whatever the reasons, the Soviets trust Bock. As one Russian told Wussler, "All U.S. networks are bad, but you are less bad, because you know Lothar Bock." By October 1976, with Bock running interference, Wussler and Taylor felt they were on the brink of closing a deal. "We had contracts all drawn up between CBS and the organizing committee," says Wussler. They came triumphantly back to New York to tell the network the Olympics were wrapped up, and arranged a

continued



big party for the Russians at the IOC meetings that were scheduled in Barcelona a day later. Wussler was picking to go to Spain when he got the stunning news: Taylor had been fired by Paley.

If there is one thing the Soviets under-

stand with razor-sharp clarity, it is the sudden purge of high-level personnel. And it makes them nervous. "They were shook, I mean shook!" says Wussler, who six months before had moved up from head of CBS sports to the presidency of the network. "I tried to assure them it had nothing to do with the Olympics, but it was hard for them to believe." Even the sprightly Bock was numb—for a while. Then he phoned Wussler and said, "I think if Mr. Paley would come to Moscow himself, we could put the deal together again." Wussler doubted whether Paley would agree, but when he asked him to go, Paley's only question was "How soon do we leave?" Early in November, the patriarch of American television and a leading patron of world capitalism was welcomed with almost adoration by the old Ukrainian laborer, Novikov. They toasted each other warmly during a lavish dinner of chicken Kiev fit for a czar. Then, after two long days of meetings, the two old lions had a *rêve à rêve* in a small room. They toasted each other. They shook hands. Wussler recalls, "Mr. Paley and I left Moscow with the definite feeling that the deal was firm."

Oddly, nothing further was heard from Moscow until Dec. 8. Then the networks received a communication outlining the framework under which the final bidding for the rights would take place. It was an amazing document. Only ABC's men had heard anything like it mentioned in Montreal, and nothing resembling it had come up in CBS' private talks. No one was quite sure what it meant.

Nevertheless, all three networks went to Moscow to find out. NBC was planning to seriously enter the fray now. Robert Howard, president of the network, went to Moscow along with Lindemann and nine other executives and technicians. "Most of our guys had never been to Moscow," says Lindemann. "I had

been there only four times. I was surprised when Wussler said he had been there 11 or 12 times."

When the Americans arrived for the showdown on Dec. 15, two of the networks—CBS and ABC—were dead certain they had been chosen. Only NBC figured it was an underdog, and it was correct. NBC was about as far under as a dog could be. Novikov could never remember the network's call letters; even during the final signing, he twice referred to it as ABC.

Nevertheless, the Soviets treated the three networks exactly the same—like dirt. One by one, they were informed of the new conditions for bidding—which were outrageous. For one thing, the U.S.S.R. demanded \$50 million for equipment and facilities, to be paid in staggering increments of \$20 million in 1977 and \$30 million in 1978.

All along one of the Russians' most irrational demands had been for huge sums of cash to be paid two or three years before the Games. Recent Olympics have taken place in such a politically charged atmosphere that it was not unreasonable to fear that an international incident might cancel the Moscow Games, leaving the Soviets with the loot and TV with no programs. But the network executives were less afraid of losing money because of political disruption—after all, in a tightly controlled country like the U.S.S.R., the chances of disruption are slim—than because of an old-fashioned business reason.

Though the networks would have no problem raising the money, an enormous amount of interest would be lost if millions of dollars were tied up over such a long period. Arledge figured that if the \$50 million for facilities was paid on the timetable the Soviets demanded, \$17.5 million in interest would be forfeited.

Along with the ruinous pay schedule for the equipment, the Soviets had decided to hold an auction to sell the actual rights to the Games. In effect, the \$50 million was merely an admission ticket to the final round of bidding. Arledge recalls, "Their plans involved an unending series of bids that went on as long as two guys were able to stand. There was a new sealed bid every 24 hours. The winner would be announced, then the losers could up the ante by a min-

imum of 5%. That's when I made the remark about scorpions in a bottle."

Wussler was most shocked by the U.S.S.R. proposal. He had a letter with him from Paley reminding Novikov of their deal, and he asked for an audience with the chairman. They talked for 45 minutes. Novikov was stony. He told Wussler, "We are here to get the most money possible. That is our sole purpose. We need it for the Games." Wussler asked him about the agreement with Paley. Novikov replied, "It is a pity."

Wussler was appalled. He hurried to his hotel room. It was 4 p.m. Moscow time, 7 a.m. in the eastern U.S. He phoned Jack Schneider, president of CBS Broadcasting, at home in Greenwich, Conn. and told him that CBS' deal had collapsed. He suggested that Schneider contact the other networks and arrange a pool. Within two hours, CBS, NBC and ABC had agreed to file a brief with the Justice Department, asking it to waive the antitrust laws so the three networks could negotiate as a unified front.

Now it was 7 p.m. in Moscow, and the Soviets had decided to throw one last lavish supper before they put the three scorpions into the bottle. It was held in an elegant banquet room of the Hotel Sovetskaya. The party was a mistake. It was the first time that the three networks had been brought together in the same room in Moscow, and they were seething. At this point, no one but Wussler knew that a pool was in the works. The others were shouting angrily about the crude and insulting tactics of the Soviets. Almost immediately there was talk of walking out en masse. The hosts stood against the wall, aghast at the uproar among the Americans. Lindemann says, "They had figured there was no limit to the manic competitive zeal of the networks. That was insulting, of course. But what bothered me even more was the fact that this wasn't just another ball game, this wasn't a spat with Bowie Kuhn or Pete Rozelle. This was the United States against the Soviet Union—and we just couldn't let this happen."

The next day, taking a page from the Soviet book on diplomacy, the Americans walked out. At a meeting attended by Arledge, Wussler and Howard, Novikov was impassive. He told them, "If any of you leave Soviet soil on this day, you will never, never be allowed to return." The three said they had no choice.

After leaving Novikov's office, they promised to leave the U.S.S.R., and they showed each other their airline tickets as a display of good faith.

Arlidge had earlier made an appointment for a private session with Novikov. He decided to keep the date. "I was bound not to negotiate," says Arledge, "but I didn't think Novikov understood. He said he would make a deal with me right there on the spot. He said the Olympics were mine. I told him I couldn't take the Olympics at that point if he gave them to me for five million."

A few days after the networks left, the Soviets announced that the rights now belonged to a mysterious fourth party, an American trading and manufacturing company called SATRA, which does a lot of business with the U.S.S.R. This move was—and still is—seen by most network men as both a threat and a face-saving move by the Soviets. But SATRA apparently took it seriously and has filed a \$275 million suit against NBC for interfering with its agreement with the Soviets.

Back in Manhattan, each network pledged to have no contact of any kind with the Soviets while the Justice Department considered the pool waiver request. However, Bock was still loose in Moscow. When the networks departed, he was shaken. Technically he was not a network employee, but he still had his contract with CBS. Soon Bock got word to Wussler that Novikov was sorry, that the Soviets wanted CBS to please come back. Then Novikov wired Paley, saying, in effect, that the U.S.S.R.-CBS deal was still on. Meanwhile, Bock continued to negotiate.

Was this a breach of the agreement between the networks? Wussler claims Bock was working on his own. "I told him specifically and in person when we left Moscow that he was not to continue any talks with the Russians on our behalf," Wussler says.

Arlidge got disturbing news from Moscow in late December. "I heard that Lothar was negotiating for CBS," he says. "I kept hearing it. Then in mid-January I got word of the terms of a new contract. And I said, 'This has gone too far.'"

Arlidge contacted Wussler and told him, "The Russians believe Bock is speaking in your behalf." Wussler said no, he is not. Arledge said that CBS could verify that by sending the Moscow Olympic Committee a wire stating that Bock

had no authorization to bargain for CBS. Later, ABC indicated it would be satisfied if CBS sent a letter to Bock telling him he could not act in its behalf or sent a letter to ABC saying the same thing. CBS pondered this move for several days, then out of the blue it announced it was not only dropping out of the pool but also, because of various "imponderables," would have nothing further to do with the 1980 Olympics.

The shocking decision had been made after a series of CBS senior staff meetings, the last a 24-hour marathon. Bock had indeed brought a letter from Moscow that gave the Olympics to CBS for \$81 million; he also brought assurances that a reasonable payment schedule could be worked out. It was a very good deal. Why did CBS quit with the battle at last won? Wussler says, "We saw nothing but trouble ahead. We couldn't see living with their deviousness. Their refusal to stick to the deal they made with Mr. Paley was the most telling point. I figured if they'd go back on a deal with him, how could I ever trust them with anything?"

Some people thought this explanation less than complete—especially after CBS had undertaken such an intense, well-organized two-year campaign to land the Games. It was suggested that perhaps a more compelling reason was that Bock's unauthorized work in Moscow on CBS' behalf would be embarrassing if it got out. As one network man says, "They got caught with their hand in the cookie jar."

Bock was stricken. He pleaded his case with Wussler, then took a Lear jet to the Bahamas to plead with Paley. The answer was no, although the network arranged for Bock to be paid a little extra cash for his trouble. Bock asked to be released from his CBS contract so he could contact NBC. It was done.

With the CBS pullout, the attempts to form a pool had disintegrated, and both NBC and ABC were free to operate unilaterally. Bock and Lindemann met for breakfast at the Edwardian Room of Manhattan's Plaza Hotel. Lindemann recalls, "The conversation was remarkably low key, considering its substance. Lothar started telling me his deal. We ordered something to eat. He kept talking. We drank our orange juice, then it dawned on me what he was saying. He was delivering the Olympics to us. We

left without eating." Within hours, NBC signed a contract with Bock to pay him \$1 million, to buy 15 programs he would produce, to retain him as a special consultant for four years. It was a dazzling package. Bock then delivered his part. A series of phone calls to Moscow clinched the deal that night. A day later Lindemann, Howard and an NBC lawyer were on their way to Moscow for the final negotiating and the formal signing.

NBC had hoped to complete the entire contract in Moscow before ABC learned it was there. It could not be done, even though the Soviets sent a wire telling Arledge not to come to Moscow. ABC was not dissuaded. Arledge says, "I knew the Russians were panicky. Novikov made a terrible mistake in December. Even his peers were accusing him of having bungled the deal with CBS. He was faced with the prospect of no American network at all. And by that time, he figured all Americans were crazy anyway, so when Bock said he had NBC, Novikov jumped at it. NBC was never in the Russian plans until CBS quit."

"And Novikov never understood what we were doing about the pool and why I had never contacted him after we walked out. When I finally saw him, he said, 'You never phoned, you never wrote. I waited and waited, and you never called.' I suppose if I had it to do over, maybe I'd do things differently. But I really felt relieved when it was over. I hated to lose the Games, but I had been wondering way back last summer whether I really wanted to have them."

ABC's presence at the last minute in Moscow did boost the price some. Lord Kilian, president of the previously solvent IOC (which shares the rights fees with the host country), had heard ABC would go higher, and he had wired the Soviets to be certain they were getting top dollar. The deal wound up at \$85 million—but there was no demand this time for the kind of pro-Soviet propaganda old Ignati Novikov had once seemed so determined to have.

Now the question is: Who won this confrontation between the U.S.S.R. and the networks? No one knows. This was just the first skirmish in the conflict. Only late in the summer of 1980, when the Games are over and the NBC cameras and crews have gone home, will we know exactly who sold what, who bought what and who got the better of whom. **END**

NO PLATER, BUT IS HE STERLING?

Hutcheson winner Silver Series is the first of the '77 Derby colts to show his wares
by William Loggett

February is the month to start looking in earnest for those unheralded colts that will make it into the classic 3-year-old races of spring. Years ago mid-February was considered far too early to race a Kentucky Derby candidate seriously, but tracks with winter racing and the large purses that can help offset the mounting costs of operating a stable have changed that. Eight of the last 10 Derby winners were running by this time of the year, and it might well prove true in 1977 as well.

There were four stakes for 3-year-olds last week. The results were rather bewildering, which is fine if you believe the more contenders that surface, the merrier. At Santa Anita, Elmdorf Farm's Text won the \$40,350 Santa Catalina Stakes by six lengths without feeling the sting of Jockey Don Pierce's whip, while at Bowie, Md., Knightly Marvin circled his field at the top of the stretch to win the \$27,800 W. P. Burch Stakes by half a length. Knightly Marvin, running in his first stake, was not among the 227 horses considered to be the top 2-year-olds of 1976 and, as the longest shot in the field of six, paid \$56.40. The first 3-year-old race of significance at New York's Aqueduct was decided when the well-bred Catalan (by Quadrangle from the

Princequillo mare Quilling) held on to win the \$53,000 Lucky Draw. Like Knightly Marvin, Catalan was unranked in the Experimental Handicap weights, which are supposed to indicate the abilities of young horses. Last year it took Catalan 10 starts to win his first race, and the Lucky Draw was only his third victory in 20 outings.

The biggest 3-year-old news of the week, however, came out of Gulfstream Park in Florida, when Silver Series won the \$34,350 Hutcheson Stakes by 3½ lengths. Silver Series at least appeared on the Experimental list, ranked as the 21st-best colt of his generation, although at 113 pounds, 13 pounds less than top-rated and undefeated Seattle Slew, Silver Series didn't get to a race until Oct. 19, 1976, three days after Seattle Slew had won the prestigious Champagne Stakes in his final outing of the season. In three starts as a 2-year-old Silver Series won twice and finished third in the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at Churchill Downs to winner Run Dusty Run, one of the top colts around.

Silver Series is an unusual animal. His coat is a distinctive charcoal gray, he bares his teeth before a race and his mother, Cat Hat, was unraced and totally undistinguished—her first foal was

born in 1969 and she failed to produce another until the Hutcheson winner five years later. But Silver Series is most distinctive because he is a Derby threat owned and trained by two black men, 43-year-old Dr. Archie R. Donaldson, a gynecologist from Nassau in the Bahamas, and 53-year-old Oscar Dishman Jr., a trainer for the past 16 years.

After the Hutcheson, Dishman was looking over potential Derby rivals, specifically Run Dusty Run. "I'm not taking anything away from Run Dusty Run," he said. "I just think we can beat him, and I aim to prove it. The one time we met, there were strange circumstances. Our horse was inexperienced. He had only two races up to that time and had won both, so we decided to run him in the Kentucky Jockey Club. Run Dusty Run had an entry mate named Bob's Dusty running with him and he opened up a big lead. We stalked him, and when the horses came into the stretch Bob's Dusty went way wide and we were on the lead. Silver Series doesn't like to be on the lead, he likes to run after horses. He slowed and we finished third. It was probably a matter of inexperience more than anything else."

Before the Hutcheson, Silver Series had been the hot favorite in the Florida on Jan. 26, but lost to Nearly On Time. "We missed four days of training just before the race when the horse kicked his left rear ankle," says Dishman. "I thought he might have broken something, but two sets of X rays showed nothing. We ran him, and even though he missed those four days he still ran a good third. I thought then that he could win the Hutcheson."

The instructions from Dishman to Jockey Larry Snyder in the Hutcheson were to "get out of the gate and then ease him back, don't snatch him back. Lay off the leaders until about the top of the stretch, then let him roll." Snyder followed those orders to the letter, and Silver Series, although hard used in the stretch, was an easy winner.

Dr. Donaldson has been in racing only since 1967 and has raced only eight horses. Five of the eight, however, either won or placed in stakes, an outstanding record. Golden Don, his best horse, won \$351,639 in 1973-74, and another, Don-



Down the stretch, Silver Series had no trouble at all with Medieval Man or any other challenger



In the winner's circle, Silver's owner, Dr. Donaldson (poor shirt), stands with trainer Dushman (white suit) and the colt that could be a big pay horse for them

dougold, also won stakes and set three track records. "I'm fascinated by breeding horses," says Donaldson. "I spend about three hours a day studying breeding whenever I can. This horse's name? Well, we had such good luck with Don-dougold and Golden Don that maybe the gold was all used up. So we went on the silver standard."

Dishman has been training winners around the smaller tracks in the East and Midwest since the early 1960s and has also raced at major tracks in Chicago. "In my early days I had a trainer's license but couldn't get horses to keep me going," he recalls. "I set up a chair in a barn and started to cut hair for people on the backstretch. I charged \$1.25. That's what kept me going. Some days I'd cut 10 heads, on weekends 15 to 20. On bad days only three or four. I was just waiting around to get some pay horses."

Dishman and Dr. Donaldson may indeed have a big weekend horse with Silver Series. While the Hutcheson was only at seven furlongs, Dishman feels the colt can handle two turns and eventually make his way to Louisville.

Meanwhile, where were the rest of the 3-year-olds? "I find it odd that none of

the top three 2-year-olds of last year—Seattle Slew, Run Dusty Run or Royal Ski—has been out so far," says Lynn Stone, president of Churchill Downs. "I don't know what to make of it."

Until two weeks ago all three were in Florida and at least two of them, Run Dusty Run and Royal Ski, seemed ready to start. Royal Ski, a \$20,500 colt that won \$309,704 for Boston Bruin Goshie Gerry Cheevers last year, was syndicated early this month for \$2 million. He also developed a temperature and his first outing, in the Hutcheson, was postponed. Run Dusty Run went to Florida to get ready for the Hutcheson, too, but when Trainer Smiley Adams could not find a good prep race he shipped his colt back to the Fair Grounds in New Orleans. "It was an expensive trip," said Smiley, who then let fly with what was really on his mind, the frustration common to trainers who think their horses have been underrated.

In 1976 Run Dusty Run ran nine times, won six races, including four stakes, and earned \$268,241. In the Arlington-Washington Futurity—the only time the two met—he beat Royal Ski by 1½ lengths. Yet in the Experimental ratings, Royal Ski, who won five stakes, was voted equal

to Run Dusty Run, while neither got the Eclipse Award as the top 2-year-old. Seattle Slew was voted the Eclipse Award despite running only three races, all at Belmont Park, and earning only \$94,350.

"How could they give it to a horse that ran only three times?" asked Adams. "He won a maiden race, an allowance for non-winners of two, and one stake and earned less than \$100,000. The thing is, if you're not racing in New York you're nothing. You just ain't got a shot. New York writers think that horses running in Louisiana, Kentucky and Illinois are nothing."

Billy Turner, the trainer of Seattle Slew, is unruffled by the criticism. "I didn't have anything to do with the voting," he said mildly. "Also, that's not worrying me now. Seattle Slew has just started training at Hialeah, and I hope to have him ready for the Flamingo on March 26. To get him there he will need at least one prep race. My plan is to run in the Flamingo and then go to New York for the Wood Memorial or maybe another race at Aqueduct. Seattle Slew has matured since last year. He's grown a little bit and he knows who he is." And any week now he may let his classmates in on the secret.

END

THAT TRIP TO VEGAS WAS NO HONEYMOON

It is hoped that Louisville Coach Denny Crum enjoyed the first day of his wedding weekend, because the Vegas Rebels spoiled the second **by Barry McDermott**

This was the national championship of dunk—the schoolyard, get-down, m-your-face, gimme-five, fall-back-baby, sky-king, over-you-chump and bad-dude championship, the one that counts anywhere there is a netless basket with a bent rim and broken glass on the asphalt. Louisville was playing ball at Nevada-Las Vegas last Saturday night and on street corners across the country anyone who worshipped at the altar of the between-the-legs dribble was breathlessly waiting for the result.

Both teams were in the nation's Top Ten. Louisville, working on a 15-game winning streak, ranked third according to one poll. Las Vegas with 55 straight home-court victories was rated eighth. But on style alone, these were easily the two best teams in the country, the victors being the self-anointed Doctors of Dunk, while the Runnin' Rebels of Las Vegas were the Captains of Kangaroo.

Naturally, the 6,257-seat Las Vegas Convention Center had been sold out for months. The governor of Kentucky, Julian Carroll, was exiled into the upper balcony, and many of those lucky enough

to get standing-room tickets were queued up in an arena concourse, watching the game on closed-circuit television. Everyone else in Vegas, including most of the 1,000 visiting Louisville fans, was obliged to watch the game on a delayed telecast.

No one was disappointed. The game had the pulse and pace of a horse race as Las Vegas rallied from 17 points down at one point to win, drilling in outside jumpers with a second-half flourish that dropped the red-hot Cardinals 99-96 and left witnesses feeling as if they had been plugged into an electric outlet for 40 minutes. The winning points came at the free-throw line, two by sophomore flush Reggie Theus and another pair by senior Glen Gondrezick, who made his despite two disconcerting timeouts called by Louisville with 10 seconds left.

Gondo's heroics not only shattered a winning streak but also spoiled Cupid's bow. Louisville Coach Denny Crum had momentarily retired his leisure wear Friday night and, attired in a dark three-piece suit, got married in Vegas. The Crums spent their honeymoon at court-



At the ceremony the night before the game, Vegas Coach Tarkanian shares champagne with the bride.



side, Niagara Falls being closed for the winter.

"Basketball is his life," shrugged Joyce Crum, who is no stranger to the game. She met her new husband while working as a secretary in the school's basketball office.

The game matched the nation's top two coaches in winning percentage. Jerry Tarkanian's record entering the game was 214-35 (.859). Crum's was 136-32 (.809). Neither coach has ever had a team that did not rate at least a cameo appearance in the Top 20. The two had met only once before, when both were junior college coaches in California. Crum kidded that he had agreed to play the game only on the assurance that Tarka-



Louisville may be the Doctors of Dunk, but efforts like this one of Larry Moffett's raised their stuff

nian's wife Lois would not harass him from the stands.

Besides providing a stern test for a Louisville team that Crum thinks might be better than the one that finished third in the 1975 NCAA, the Vegas game also was geographically ideal for Crum. It allowed his California friends and relatives to attend the wedding, an event he admitted made him more nervous than any basketball game. On Friday afternoon, he cracked, "I just took a hot shower so I wouldn't get cold feet." Meanwhile, Tark the Shark was as timorous as a goldfish at the prospect of meeting such an awesome opponent. Louisville's 6'11" center, Rocky Gallon, was passing his toughest course, class attendance; million-

dollar baby Darrell Griffith, although only a freshman, looked like the best sixth man in basketball; star Wesley Cox had discovered new medication for his chronic asthma; and the Cardinals were averaging 92 points over a nine-game stretch.

"We may not get a rebound," said Tarkanian woefully, gnawing on his fingernails and plowing furrows into his forehead deep enough to plant corn. Tark has a penchant for wearing short-sleeved shirts, chewing towels at courtside and voicing undue pessimism, probably because the NCAA has cited the school for so many transgressions that it might change its name to the University of Nevada at Alcatraz. Said Tarkanian, "If we

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK GILES/SPASS

make all of our shots it should be an even game. We may not get a rebound. Louisville's got three guys who can jump up and change the light bulbs. They might play volleyball with us, tip it from side to side, then spike it in."

The Runnin' Rebels were aware that Louisville, in its last three games, had out-dunked opponents 20-0. "I'll kill somebody before I'll let them dunk on me," maintained Theus. "That's the most embarrassing thing in the world."

In fact, Las Vegas was so utterly embarrassed by the very idea that it out-rebounded the Doctors of Dunk 48-43 and Theus came off the bench early in the first half and scored on a flamboyant breakaway dunk of his own. So much for pessimism.

Las Vegas fans are among the most rabid and vociferous; Crum later estimated the Rebels' home-court advantage at "10 to 12 points." But early in the game the fans had little to cheer about. The speed of Louisville's Phillip Bond negated the vaunted Las Vegas press and allowed the Cardinals to penetrate. As they raced into a 40-23 lead with 5:19 left in the half, they had Tarkanian ready to swallow his towel.

But then the Rebels started to battle back. Las Vegas has played fitfully this year although it leads the country in scoring with a 106-point average and now has a 20-2 record. Various theories are offered for the team's malaise: the broken ankle that sidelined leading rebounder Jackie Robinson for the season; the

continued

Think Vegas wanted to win? Check Reggie Theus





Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 76

current NCAA investigation, the fact that the club has so many transfers and rehabilitation cases that it could be called the Salvation Army, and team eccentric Lew Brown's disturbing habits, which have included bringing his dog to practice. But it was the 6'11" Brown's rebounding that turned the game around late in the first half. Brown was the match that lit the fuse, and junior-college transfer Larry Moffett was the dynamite. Moffett had 16 points and 15 rebounds as Las Vegas displayed an inside game for one of the few times this season.

The fact that three of Louisville's top players—Cox, Gallon and Griffith—got into foul trouble did nothing to hurt the Vegas comeback. The Rebels rallied savagely to trail only 49-43 at the half, and when they returned after the break they riddled Louisville's desperation zone as Crum tried to protect his endangered players with an umbrella defense that Eddie Owens and Sam Smith turned inside out with jump shots.

"We didn't expect them to make 25-footers," said Crum later. The players on both teams could have told him that it's easy when there are nets on the basket, the sun is not in your eyes and the basketball is round. Never was the aura of the playground more evident than in the final half when during a stretch of 13 minutes each team scored 39 points. With less than four minutes remaining, Louisville still led, 92-88. Then, within 18 seconds, team captain Robert Smith scored five points to give Las Vegas the lead 93-92.

First the 5'11" senior hit over Louisville's 6'7½" Larry Williams. Smith was fouled by Williams on the play and made the free throw. When the Rebels got the ball back, Smith swished another jumper to put his team ahead for the first time since the opening minutes of the game. A basket by Gallon gave the lead back to the Cardinals but then Gondeczuk put the Rebels ahead to stay. And when Theus and Gondo made their pressure-packed free throws, Louisville's Doctors of Dunk were just another bunch of hotshots who had swaggered into the wrong neighborhood.

"We're not afraid of anybody," said Theus in a locker room where joyous fans were kissing and hugging the players. "We play to our competition." Then he took a big swig of champagne. Why not? Las Vegas had won the National Playground Championship.

END

You get a lot more than instant ice and ice water with an **Amana** 3-Door Ice 'N Water Refrigerator.

Count the features that really count—day in, day out. And you'll select an Amana 3 Door Ice 'N Water Refrigerator.



Model SDI-25W



1. Amana placed the ice and water dispenser in a solid panel, separate from the doors.

2. The Amana Refrigerator within-a-refrigerator meat keeper (with its own temperature control) keeps meat fresh longer than ordinary meat pans because super cold air surrounds the outside of the pan without drying out the meat.



3. 3 Door design for maximum convenience.

4. No defrosting ever. Totally Free O Frost freezer and refrigerator sections.



5. 2 Automatic Cold Controls—one for the refrigerator—one for the freezer. You can set one control independently of the other.



6. Adjustable tempered glass cantilever shelves in the refrigerator section. Arrange your own storage pattern.



7. Stor-Mor® door shelves—deep enough to handle half gallon milk cartons.



8. Amana Hi-Humidity Compartment keeps delicate vegetables up to three weeks (22 and 25 cu. ft. models only.)

Amana Ice 'N Water Refrigerator-Freezers come in three sizes—19, 22 and 25 cubic foot models. See your Amana Retailer or write for complete details to Ann MacGregor, Dept. 631, Amana, Iowa 52204.

Amana

Backed by a century old tradition of fine craftsmanship. Amana Refrigerator, Inc., Amana, Iowa 52204.

A Raytheon Company

PEOPLE WHO LIKE TALKING TO PEOPLE



(will love our job)



If you are an energetic, articulate person who enjoys talking to other people—you could be earning a sizeable part-time income. We introduce Time/Life Books by telephone from our 11 offices in the cities listed below. Morning, Afternoon, and Evening positions available.

Call for information.

Chicago—312-337-7651

Santa Monica—213-828-7465

Denver—303-837-1978

Washington, D.C.—202-686-6501

or 303-837-1980

Philadelphia—215-564-3328

New York—212-541-8041

Minneapolis—612-335-2201

Seattle—206-284-0440

San Francisco—415-398-2757

Irvine, Ca.—714-833-8095

Cleveland—216-234-4746

TIME/LIFE LIBRARIES, INC.
an equal opportunity employer, m/f.

Time is running out.

Tell President Carter what you think he should do about energy.

We've paid for the page opposite. It contains no message. We leave that for you. Because a message from thousands of voters carries more clout in Washington than a message from us.

It's that simple. We hope thousands of you will write. We hope your messages will help spur action on a national energy policy.

Speak out, America

There's a new administration in Washington. New directions. New ideas. New ears. Let them hear what you have to say.

The cost of energy keeps going up. (That's no surprise to you if you've paid a fuel bill lately.) Domestic oil and gas resources dwindle. Each year America grows more dependent on foreign oil, not less.

The Mid-east oil embargo in 1973-74 meant higher prices, gas lines, more unemployment, more inflation. At that time, our country imported 38% of the oil we consumed. Today America imports 42%! And the OPEC nations just raised the price of oil again.

Tell it to the President

America needs a sane and sensible energy policy. And we need it now. The one thing we can't do is wait. Our scarcest resource—time—is running out.

Use the page at right to tell the President you want action now on an energy policy. In your own words and for your own reasons. Then tear it out and send it to President Carter.

What's in it for you?

The same thing that's in it for us. More abundant

supplies of energy. Less waste. Increased development of domestic resources. And decreased dependence on foreign fuels. Take it to the top.



Bethlehem 

The President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

Respectfully,

A former University of Wisconsin wrestler who was twice a Big Ten champion says his biggest thrill in sports was "the day practice was called off. I'll never forget it. I still tingle when I think about it." Indeed, practice is the scourge of many athletes, even the good ones. Or, perhaps, especially the good ones. It drives varsity men to intramural teams and is instrumental in pushing coaches to despair, then to stuff drink and finally to selling insurance. The problem is that many athletes are convinced they are terrific without practicing, while coaches of course disagree. If there is anything fun about practicing, it has escaped just about everyone's notice.

Not Lee Kemp's. Kemp, a 158-pound University of Wisconsin wrestler from the Ohio sticks, loves to practice. He's not sure why. "It's just one of the few things I don't mind doing," he says. So there he is, bathed in sweat in the practice room late on a Saturday night while his friends are cavorting in downtown Madison at the Fog Cutter and the Red Rock. All alone, Kemp keeps working out, stoically, under the sign that says: IN THIS WORLD, A MAN MUST EITHER BE AN ANVIL OR A HAMMER. Then he jumps rope, stoically, beside the sign that reads: WHEN YOU CALL ON A THOROUGH-BRED, HE GIVES YOU EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH AND HEART AND COURAGE IN HIM. WHEN YOU CALL ON A JACKASS, HE JUST KICKS AND BAYS.

Such dedication partially explains how this hammer, this thoroughbred has come to be considered the best college wrestler in the country, edging out such worthy rivals as the University of Iowa's unbeaten 177-pounder, Chris Campbell, and Dan Severn, an extraordinary freshman at Arizona State who is 30-0 at 190 pounds. Kemp is so good that, barring injury or a mental ambush, he may—by the close of Olympic business in 1980—be worthy of mention in the same sentence with the all-time hero of U.S. wrestling, Dan Gable. Gable was beat-

en only twice in his career. One of his losses was to Kemp. Gable won two NCAA championships (he was second his senior year, when he lost to Larry Owens after 181 straight victories), then went on to win a gold medal in the Munich Olympics.

Kemp, just a junior, was second in the NCAA's as a freshman; he won last year when he was the only major college wrestler in the country to go undefeated, with a record of 39-0. Kemp's name already has been written in ink as the winner in the 158-pound division of this

regret for what might have been—or hope for what might still be. Gable, now head coach at the University of Iowa, says, "If a coach just knew how to get it out of Kemp. . . ." Here his voice trails off and his eyes glaze over as he envisions the potential. Wisconsin Coach Duane Kleven says, "Lee is so good that it's like he's always got you in the outside line." But the caveat quickly follows: "He should be able to totally dominate matches but. . ." Here Kleven's voice trails off, too.

What gives everyone pause is Kemp's

THE SUPPRESSION OF HIS AGGRESSION

That's what keeps Wisconsin's 158-pounder Lee Kemp from being a world-beater. Instead, he is merely this country's best wrestler

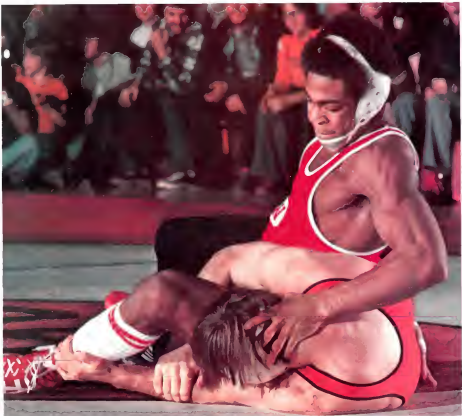
by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

year's NCAA championships, which will be held next month in Norman, Okla. And 1978 is indelibly Kemp's, too. And after that, the world. Everybody buy that? Of course not.

Not even Kemp's father does. "Even if he won them all, I wouldn't say he's the best," says Leroy Sr. "There're people out there better than him. We just don't know their names." His mother, Jessie, agrees and frequently tells her son so. What does Lee do? "He just stares at me," she says. Russ Hellickson, who won a silver medal last summer in Montreal and is assistant coach at Wisconsin, says of Kemp, "He's the greatest collegiate wrestler in the country, but he could be a lot better." That raises the question: How high is high and what's better than best?

This is the Kemp paradox. Praise for him somehow comes out sounding like

lack of aggressiveness. He realizes this is the main rap on his rep, but says with a certain logic, "If I'm winning a match, I'm just happy to be winning. What's wrong with that?" Obviously nothing. He wins a lot of bouts 3-1, 5-3, 7-6. And as a consequence, seeing one of his matches is often about as thrilling as watching paint dry. It also seems that the more victories Kemp amasses (he's 27-1 this season, his only loss coming against a non-collegian, former Iowa State star Pete Galea), the more conservative he becomes. According to his critics, that makes him ripe for defeat. Chuck Yagla, the top wrestler in college last year, whipped Kemp three times when Lee was a freshman; Kemp has since beaten Yagla twice. Says Yagla, who wrestled for Iowa, "Lee's record is better now, but he's a poorer wrestler than he was when he was a freshman."



Against Oklahoma State's Paul Martin, his main rival for the 158 pound title, Kemp was behind 3-0 at the start of the final period, but came out on top.

Kemp does not bristle when he hears this kind of criticism. In fact, he joins right in. "I have to admit I don't beat people like I should," he says. Badly is how Kemp should be defeating his opponents, because he has plenty of technical skills. The trouble is that he often does not bother to use them. A Kemp match too frequently consists of him waiting for his opponent to make a move. Kemp has extraordinary speed and strength, especially in his arms, and should an crushing opponent put one leg a trifle too close Kemp grabs it. He throws his man to the mat, collects his two points, then seems

to spend the rest of the time protecting that margin, which is like a basketball team scoring the first bucket and going into a stall.

Unfortunately for Kemp's fans, on one of the rare occasions when he was aggressive, he almost paid dearly for it. Several weeks ago against the University of Iowa, Kemp tore onto the mat like a mongoose after a cobra. Thirty-two seconds into the bout, while everyone was busy checking his program to make sure this was the Kemp of let's-wait-and-see fame, he grabbed Iowa's Mike McGivern, lifted him above his head and threw him

to the mat. The referee properly ruled that Kemp was guilty of unnecessary roughness. McGivern was hurt, having been dropped on his head, and because he had been injured by an illegal move, he easily could have refused to continue and would have been awarded the victory.

Nonetheless, a stunned McGivern said he would keep on wrestling. Kemp resumed his surprising tactics, ultimately pinning his opponent. Asked afterward why he decided not to take the win by default, McGivern said, "I was all right. Besides, that would be a pretty poor way

continued

for me to get past a champion, don't you think?"

Kemp realized how close he had come to defeat, and while he did not say "See what happens when you're aggressive," his narrow escape may make him even more cautious. After all, if he commits a similar error in the NCAA's, he could wind up with more time than anyone needs to sightsee in Norman.

Actually, Kemp has seen all that interests him in Oklahoma—the invades of the field houses in Norman and Stillwater—and the folks at the University of Oklahoma and Oklahoma State certainly have seen all they want of him. Late last month, Wisconsin went to these campuses and won both meets, 22-12 over the Sooners and 20-16 over State. It was the first time that a visiting team inflicted double defeat on the proud Oklahomans. Wisconsin, which has a 10-3 record this season, looked very good. Kemp looked better.

Against Oklahoma, Kemp gave a 10-2

lesson to Keith Sterns in a match that was not that close. The next night against State, he had a sterner test, because his opponent was Paul Martin, previously undefeated this season and the wrestler who figures to be Kemp's main rival for the NCAA 158-pound title. Martin scored a takedown and an escape to lead 3-0 going into the final period. Kemp seemed headed for disaster. Then he scored an escape, quickly grabbed Martin's leg and bear-hugged him for a takedown, got a two-point near fall, and finally received a point for riding time, all adding up to an easy 6-3 triumph.

His lack of aggressiveness aside, there are other reasons for the less-than-full-throated praise for Kemp. He is still young (20 years old), and that is rarely an advantage in wrestling, most international champions are in their middle or late 20s. And the fact that Kemp chose Wisconsin rather than one of the Big Four—Iowa, Iowa State, Oklahoma, Oklahoma State—gnaws at some wres-

ting experts, most of them at the Big Four schools.

Then there is Kemp's personality. "What personality?" asks an acquaintance John Grantham, the Chardon, Ohio businessman who recruited Kemp for Wisconsin, says. "If you're going to talk to Lee for 30 minutes, you better have a lot to say for the last 29." By his own description, Kemp is quiet, stubborn and moody. These qualities are often misread as arrogance or conceit or evidence of an ego that won't fit in any room.

In truth, Kemp is simply a young man with a single-mindedness about wrestling. "I don't like joking at practice," he tells his teammates. That sort of thing does not endear him to the other wrestlers. And while the rest of the team does conditioning exercises facing the front of the wrestling room, Kemp joins right in, except he's facing the back. Ed Vatch, the former wrestler whose biggest thrill came the day practice was canceled, says, "A great wrestler like Lee is a different



An athlete who wrestles to the pool of a different whistle: Kemp actually enjoys practices even those during which he turns his back on his teammates.

breed." Indeed, Kemp wrestles to the sound of a different whistle. And he also practices differently, working indefatigably hour after extra hour.

Kemp likes to practice so much that Kleven has made a rule for the other members of the Wisconsin team: you have to stay after practice once a week and wrestle with Kemp, if he asks you. "Why only once?" "Because night after night with Kemp would tend to make another wrestler lose his confidence," Kleven says.

Kemp got his first taste of wrestling growing up in Cleveland next door to Keith The Bully. Kemp's mother recalls the horrible things that regularly happened to her son, until one day "Lee whipped him all over the street." So long, Keith. Living on such mean streets instilled in Kemp a strong opposition to violence, especially to the use of guns. He cried all through his nursery school graduation exercises because he was required to wear toy pistols, later he eschewed the Cub Scouts because he somehow got it in his mind this was the first step toward the Army. And the Army, of course, meant guns.

The Kemps moved to Chardon when Lee was 11, and it was quite a change from the tightly packed houses on Clearview Avenue to the 25 acres on Clark Road. Lee soon realized the importance of falling asleep instantly whenever he heard the John Deere fired up to mow hay. "I've driven some tractors and plowed some fields," avows Kemp. Could he, say his parents, but they can't remember the time. "Lee is not what you call a farm boy," says his father. "I mean you send him out for a cubbage and he'll come back with an onion."

But inside the house is proof that whatever his shortcomings as a farmer, Kemp sure knows how to wrestle. The place is decorated in early half-nelson. Trophies are all over the house. Old wrestling shoes hang from one wall. The dominant decorations in the living room are the tournament draws that show how Kemp advanced to his two Ohio high school championships.

After Kemp had tried—and found he disliked—basketball and football, a high school phys ed teacher encouraged him to give wrestling a chance. He did, then gave a succinct evaluation, "I hate it." Thus, a love affair started. As a sophomore Kemp's record was 11-8-3, the kind of unimpressive achievement guaran-

teed to keep colleges from putting your name on their recruiting file cards. Nonetheless, Kemp's interest was whetted enough that he attended a summer wrestling camp at which one of the instructors was Gable. As a result of that experience, Kemp's father says, "Something just happened to Lee."

The main something was that Kemp went undefeated (55-0) his next two seasons and yearned to go to Michigan State. Inexplicably, MSL suggested a deal whereby Kemp would pay \$1,000 in tuition for a year, then, if he made the team, he'd get a full scholarship as a sophomore. He looked at other schools, but his heart wasn't in it, he wanted Michigan State. His love continued to go unrequited.

Enter Grantham, who had once met Wisconsin Athletic Director Elroy Hirsch and had said he would try to direct a good Ohio athlete to Madison sometime. Kemp, he figured, would fulfill his promise. Grantham called Kemp one morning and asked if he could go to Madison that day to look over Wisconsin. Kemp said he could. "How soon?" asked Grantham. "Efficient minutes," said Kemp jokingly. "Make it 10," said Grantham seriously.

Through it all, Iowa hardly talked to Kemp. Gable says, "We knew something about him, but not enough to recruit him." Assistant Athletic Director Gary Kuidelmeier says, "We had some good people around his weight, and let's face it, if King Kong were available but at a weight that wouldn't help us, we wouldn't bother to talk to him." Just after Kemp signed with Wisconsin, Michigan State located a spare \$1,000 and came up with a tardy offer of a full scholarship. But by then, the Spartan life had lost its appeal for Kemp.

Once settled in Madison, Kemp thought he had found heaven, because an all-night doughnut shop was right across the street and it always had the jelly-filled ones with powdered sugar. "What else could I possibly want?" he asked. A victory over Gable would be nice, but he listed that one under impossible dreams. When he faced Gable in November 1975, Kemp says his only hope was to be respectable. Before the match, people asked, "Who are you wrestling?" "Gable," he replied, which prompted loud laughter. "This isn't funny," a somber Kemp said.

The final score was 7-6 in Kemp's fa-

vor, a resounding victory heard round the wrestling world and one that, despite the Olympic champ's having a bad arm, contributed mightily to Gable's aborting his plans for trying out for the 1976 Olympic team. Kemp later failed to become a starter on the Olympic team. "I just wasn't ready for that level," he says. He holied the training camp after not making the first team. Eventually he rejoined the squad and worked out in Montreal, but it was not a happy time. Kemp says flatly, "I didn't like being on the second team."

These days—and especially these nights—Kemp is rarely absent from the gym where he works feverishly to prevent himself from ever being second again. Tonight he's under the sign that says, MEN DO NOT FAIR, THEY LIVE UP. For Kemp to do either would be a big upset, because, as he says, "I love to sweat and work and practice, then win. But to sweat and work and practice, then lose, I can't see that at all."

END



Kemp puts a loving lock on a friend: Yvette Rhymer



Amateur Night on the Americus Plan



The Saturday night boxing shows staged in the ballroom of the old Americus Hotel are both a redolent reflection of the two-listed past of Allentown, Pa. and a slam-bang success

by Ray Kennedy

One weekend last fall a visiting couple innocently ventured into the industrial reaches of Allentown, Pa. Strangers to the area, they were directed to the city's largest hotel, the Americus, a doughty old survivor of the steamer-trunk era. While the husband tended to their bags, his wife strolled into the hotel only to come rushing out moments later looking thunderstruck. "There are all these old people sitting around in there," she sputtered. "And, and . . . they're fighting in the lobby!"

Like a castaway stumbling upon some strange tribal rite in mid-jungle, the husband decided in a spirit of adventure

continued



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR SHILSTONE

Amateur Night continued

to check in and have a closer look. At the very least, a geriatric free-for-all promised to be more diverting than the polka band at the Holiday Inn.

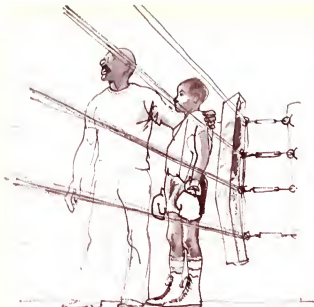
The senior citizens were for real; three floors of the Americas are reserved for elderly residents. As for the slugfest, well, delusions of mayhem were understandable, for strutting and shadow boxing their way among the old folks nodding off in the lobby that Saturday evening were all manner of aspiring young pugilists and their bent-nose handlers. But no blood was spilled among the potted palms. That came later in the ring set up in the ballroom of the Americas.

What the visitors had chanced upon was the hotel's monthly amateur boxing night, a scene conjured up not by Fellini but by Ring 23, the local chapter of the National Veteran Boxers Association. As a slice of Americana, the ballroom bouts are as reflective of Allentown's fighting past as is the Old Zion Reformed Church across the street, where the Liberty Bell was hidden when the British occupied Philadelphia in 1777. As a sporting event, the Americas boxing

continued







program, now in its third year, is a slambang success. The demand for tickets (\$4 top) is so great that the hotel recently tore down a ballroom wall and expanded the seating to 650. And in addition to the previous fare of beer and hot dogs, a new bar has been put in so that spectators can sip their martinis at ringside.

The action is hard to miss. TV 4, a local cable station that serves an audience of 150,000 in a 40-mile radius, telecasts tapes of *Boxing from the Americas* every Wednesday evening at 9-30. A hit at the exclusive Lehigh Valley Club, as well as at the American Legion Hall, the TV show also lures fans from distant towns to camp out in Allentown bars on fight night. "I don't know if the appeal is the youthful enthusiasm of the fighters or what," says TV 4 vice-president Don Berner. "All I know is that we have to carry Americas boxing. It's a fixture."

All of which has ringside elders harking back to the good old two-fisted days before World War II when Allentown, the Truck Capital of the World, liked to bill itself as the Boxing Capital of the Eastern United States. Back then, claim the oldtimers, the phrase "built like a Muck truck" was inspired by more than one hometown product. They tell of epic heavyweight clashes at the Allentown fairgrounds and of torchlight parades for Eddie Moy when he brought home the Australian lightweight crown in 1910. They extol faded heroes like Allentown Dundee, Ringtown Reilly and the ever-popular Prince Henry, a featherweight who helped pay for the groceries by fighting exhibition bouts with his wife, the scrappy crowd-pleaser Princess Henry.

Reminiscing, in fact, has always been a favorite pastime of Ring 23. Trouble was, for too many years the group's meetings were little more than beery sessions in which such stalwarts as the late Pep Barone, Sonny Liston's former manager, would recall how he had to install his wayward champion in the Americas for periods of rehabilitation. And eventually some of the younger members began complaining that Ring 23 was neglecting its primary mission, which is to combat juvenile delinquency through the promotion of amateur boxing.

So in the summer of 1974 the group staged an outdoor boxing program at Riverview Stadium and drew an enthusiastic

continued

Tareyton goes low-tar one better.

Of course
Tareyton's filter reduces tar...

Tareyton has less tar than 75%
of all other cigarettes sold!

...but it also improves the taste
with activated charcoal.



The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water. As a matter

of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

Charcoal also helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.



And charcoal
is used to mellow
the taste of the
finest bourbons.



"Us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight
than switch."



That's why Tareyton
is America's best-selling
charcoal filter cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine.

100 mm: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MIDLAND

IT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU

And once you get it, it's going to be all you'll ever need. Because Midland gives you what CB is supposed to give you. The power to communicate. The power to reach out and pull in your own personal horizon. And the clarity to be understood wherever you reach.

For 1977, the power comes to you in an entirely new generation of 40 channel CB radios. Spearheaded by the remarkable Midland 638.

With it comes switchable automatic noise limiter, noise blanker and audio filter—three noise elimination systems that let you receive with greater

clarity. The 638 is also power in your hand with an automatic channel advance and volume control right on the mike. And it's the power to know exactly where you're heading with our large, bright L.E.D. digital channel indicator.



MIDLAND POWER

RUN WITH NUMBER 1. MIDLAND CB.™

The 838, though, is only one aspect of Midland Power.

We offer a complete line of CB's, from base stations to portables, to every kind of mobile transceiver that will put our power in your hands at a very reasonable price. Compare. We don't think anybody, anywhere will give you such quality at such an affordable price.

And we back up that quality with our Midland warranty and convenient service centers from Carolina to California.

And finally, Midland Power is the way we put our 15 years of CB experience into every set we build.

Good experience, obviously. Or we couldn't have done what we did last year. Sell over 2 million Midland CB radios, to

make us the number one selling CB in the world.

Midland Power. It's what you want from a CB.

It's what you get when you run with number 1.



MIDLAND® CB
A member of the Beneficial Corporation Family.

crowd of 1,400. But when winter came, Ring 23 suddenly found that it had a lot of eager young fighters with nowhere to swing. Enter Al Modia, the owner of the Americus, who offered the use of his ballroom for a cut-rate \$150 because "a hotel should be the center of community life."

At first Ring 23 had difficulty attracting out-of-town talent. But soon such top clubs as the Smokin' Joe's from Philadelphia began taking part as did notables like Floyd Patterson, who brought in his stable of fighters from New Paltz, N.Y.

With everyone pitching in on a voluntary basis, the non-profit enterprise unfolded like a vintage Pat O'Brien movie co-starring the Dead End Kids. Nine months ago, for example, Ring 23 persuaded the city to donate the use of the basement of an abandoned firehouse in the impoverished 12th ward. After a massive cleanup job by the ex-fighters and their young charges, Ring 23 now has the makings of a professional gym and a promising future.

Billy Longo, president of the Lehigh Valley Old Time Boxers Association and a general contractor who, along with other local merchants, has helped with the refurbishing, says, "We're not trying to develop professional fighters. We're building kids, building character. In that respect we're all in the remodeling business. Some of these kids are plenty cocky when they first come in. We let a kid blow off steam before we ever put him into the ring. And when we do let him spar, we set him up against a more experienced guy who will move and tag him. He learns fast that he's not so tough. He gets punched in the nose a couple of times and pretty soon he's calling you 'Mister.'"

Ring 23's venerables go by other names, as well. There is, for instance, Dipper Dopowicz, an ironworker who coaches the Lehigh University boxing team, and Banishing Andy Haycak, who is 82 and serves as a judge when not training Larry Holmes, the sixth-ranked heavyweight. Eddie Thomas, proprietor of Eddie's Market, doubles as Ring 23's boxing director and TV 4's color man, analyzing the attacks of such Americus favorites as Homicide Jones and Mike (Little Dynamite) Kemmerer. Thomas' appraisal of a flurry that floored Larry (the Tree) Bardine: "Timberrrr!" But the real mas-

ter of the rolling r's is ring announcer Joe McHugh, a former vaudeville comic whose numbness belies his age, which is 72. "Comes from all those years of dodging tomatoes," he says.

Although participation on Ring 23 cards is by invitation, the fact that all but the featured matches are arranged just an hour before fight time induces as many as 60 boxers to crowd into the makeshift matchmaker's room, a small dining area off the Americus lobby.

After fortifying himself with a beer, Billy Longo squeezed through the jostling crowd in the matchmaker's room one recent Saturday evening, and barked, "O.K., everybody strip down and get on the scales." While recording the age, weight and record of each fighter on a wall chart, he suddenly stopped to lecture one of the handlers. "Listen, don't try to con me. I know this kid of yours has had more than three fights. Our main concern here is to keep the kids alive. We don't want to break anyone's spirit by mismatching them."

When Longo stepped back to ponder the completed chart, the crowd pressed forward and a slave-market cacophony began.

Trainer: C'mon, Billy, you give me this one and I'll give you any two of my main boys next time, O.K.?

Doctor: Please stop shouting so I can listen to this boy's heart and lungs.

Trainer: Hey, I'm not going to give away 10 pounds! That's crazy!

Parent: Cut out the shovin'!

Doctor: Keep it down, please!

Trainer: No deal. That's the kid that won the other night in Reading.

Heavyweight: I'll fight anybody up there!

Doctor: Quiet!

Finally, turning a deaf ear to everyone, Longo filled in the names for eight matches and fled to the bar.

Before the three-round bouts came the introductions by Joe (the Living Legend of the Ring) McHugh. "Ladies and gentlemen," he trilled, his around tones all but tinkling the crystal chandeliers overhead. "Welcome to an evening of boxing in the grand ballroom of the Americus Hotel, the Bicentennial headquarters of Allentown, the All-America City."

And so it began, errr...there in the great mirrored hall beneath a command-

ing portrait of General Harry Clay Trexler, soldier, farmer, philanthropist. Tyrone Puge, student, boxer, will-o'-the-wisp, set the tone for the evening by defeating Anthony Baker of Kennett Square, Pa. in a stylishly furious opening bout. In fact, Tyrone not only displayed some of the classiest moves of the night, but also served notice that he could well become—remember, you heard it here first—America's first teen-age world champion. First, however, he has to become a teen-ager. Tyrone, who is 12 and weighs 85 pounds, is working on it.

For all the seeming chaos of the match-making process, the one distinguishing feature of the Americus bouts was the evenness of the competition. In the only slight mismatch of the evening, Battling Billy Marks, a high school tackle for the undefeated Whitehall Zephyrs of Bethlehem, Pa., pursued Honda Price of nearby Easton as though he were a gimpy quarterback to score the lone knockdown of the evening.

The action was fast, fierce and almost nonstop and there were trophies for all donated by local merchants. For \$25 a throw, the sponsors not only received exposure on TV 4 but also got to hear the grandiloquent McHugh intone pleas for such humanitarians as "Mike Fonzone, the friendly Fender Dentist at Supreme Auto Body, 24-hour towing service," and "Eddie Haines, the local taxidermist who specializes in deer-head mounting."

At stake in the four-round main event, which pitted Showboat Parker against Allentown's own Bob Alpha, was the amateur middleweight championship of Pennsylvania. Short on finesse, they went at it from bell to bell—and beyond. At the end of the final round of the bout, which Parker won on a unanimous decision, the hammer on the bell broke, and while the timekeeper frantically tried striking it with his knuckles and anything else that was handy the fighters battled well beyond the time limit. Finally, someone in the audience tossed in a beer can, and so it all ended, not with a clang, but a clunk.

But the echoes roll on. If anyone wonders why boxing in the U.S., which has been counted out more times than Muhammad Ali has retired, keeps coming back, let him go to Allentown. **END**

Every Yow has the old know-how

Kay, Debbie and Susan Yow, all wows as players, have made coaching bows



As Susan observes, sister Kay directs the show

At this stage of the season there seems to be a very good chance that the No. 1 women's team in North Carolina will be North Carolina State. Its coach? Kay Yow. In the AIAW Southern Regional playoffs, State is likely to meet the University of Kentucky. Its coach? Debbie Yow. Odds would seem to favor State, if only because of Kay Yow's assistant coach. And who is that? Susan Yow.

The family name Yow, which is German, has been prominent in North Carolina basketball circles for almost 40 years. Both Hilton and Lib Yow were high school stars in the 1930s and they passed on their love of the game to their three daughters, all of whom also were outstanding players. For the past three years Kay, 34, has been the most successful college coach in North Carolina. In 1974 and '75 she led little Elon College to the state title, and last year, her first at N.C. State, she took the Wolfpack to a 19-7 record and again won the state championship. Debbie, 26, is in her first season at Kentucky and has coached a team that was picked to finish next to last in the state to a 14-5 record. Susan, 22, was an All-America at Elon in '75 and last year at State before joining Kay as assistant. Tennessee Tech Coach Muryne Hutsell says, "They haven't received national recognition yet but you can count on Yow teams being well coached, very aggressive and winners."

The three sisters and brother Ronnie, 28, a former Clemson football player, grew up in Gibsonville, N.C. (pop. 2,490). Hilton Yow, who works in a nearby tobacco factory and owns a furniture warehouse, played basketball at Gibsonville High in 1938, while Lib, who owns a beauty shop next door to their three-bedroom home, was a standout on the women's team. "In those days we played up on the stage in bloomers, and I was a high scorer only because I was taller than the rest," says the 5' 8" Lib Yow, who eight years ago, at age 46, gave up playing after breaking both her wrists in a pickup game with 5' 10" Susan and 5' 7" Kay.

The elder Yows also starred for local mill teams, and with this background it is not surprising that their daughters learned to shoot the net off the basket. At Gibsonville High, Kay was MVP and an all-conference forward four straight

years. She still holds the school record for most points in a game (52), but 13 years later, to her delight, Susan broke her other records and retired No. 14, which had been worn by both Kay and Debbie. "Susan was so good they didn't even mention that Debbie and I had also worn 14," says Kay. Debbie, 5' 9" and the most competitive of the sisters, agrees that Susan, whom she calls Punk, is a complete basketball player. "She is such a natural athlete that she can take one look at a sport like swimming and two minutes later win a blue ribbon. But," adds Debbie, "Kay is the best coach. She has so much patience that I sometimes think she is a saint."

Along with winning trophies, family loyalty is obviously also a Yow tradition. The Kentucky and N.C. State schedules are both in Hilton Yow's wallet, and when Debbie was hired by Kentucky he promptly rushed to the backyard and painted the family basket Wildcat blue to go with the Wolfpack red pole and white backboard. After each game the sisters discuss their wins—and rare defeats—on the telephone and critique game plans. Kay designed a defense for Debbie that helped Kentucky beat Morehead State, and at a recent tournament in Mississippi, Debbie scouted N.C. State opponents for Kay and Susan.

In 1964, after Kay graduated from East Carolina University, where she majored in English, minored in library science and was an honor student, she went on to Allen Jay High School in High Point, N.C., only 30 miles from home. There she was the librarian, English teacher and winning basketball coach. However, to take her team to three conference championships she had to beat archrival Gibsonville, where Debbie was the star and captain. "We were always favored to win but Kay double-teamed me and we lost to them three straight years," says Debbie, who was so furious after each defeat that for days she refused to talk to her older sister.

Kay still feels responsible for Debbie's disappointment, and to avoid a similar conflict with Susan she returned to Gibsonville High to coach. In Susan's freshman year the team was 1-19 but the Yow coaching touch turned things around and the Yellow Jackets finished third in the state as Susan averaged 29 points a game. The next year, 1971, Kay moved two

continued

Winter Winner



Bluebird 100% Florida Grapefruit Juice is a natural refresher for winter weather — it invigorates and mixes.

Rely on all Bluebird brand citrus products. Since 1926, same family, same quality and same zesty taste.



BLUEBIRD BRAND CITRUS PRODUCTS
ARE PACKED BY SOUTHERN FRUIT DISTRIBUTORS, INC., ORLANDO, FLORIDA 305/859-3550

miles down the road to Elon, where she started the women's intercollegiate program and in the off-season became an All-America softball pitcher.

Meanwhile, Debbie was having problems at East Carolina, which she had chosen because Kay went there. Unlike her sisters, Debbie enjoys dating and dancing almost as much as basketball, and these "vices" got her into trouble. She quit the basketball team because it practiced on Friday nights ("dating time"), then quit school altogether. After Debbie had bummed around for two years as a cocktail waitress and a pizza parlor employee, Kay persuaded her to enroll at Elon. Also, Debbie had joined the Pentecostal Church, where her parents worshipped. "I know it sounds corny but religion put things in perspective for me," she says. "I hate to lose because I want to win so much but finally I learned to accept things that happened to me."

After Debbie returned to school at Elon, the family ties were tested when Kay kept Debbie on the bench while starting Susan. "I know it was a painful decision for Kay," says Debbie, "but she actually did me a favor. As a coach I now know how it feels to play second string and I can relate with the kids." After graduating from Elon, Debbie coached Eastern Guilford (N.C.) High to a 25-3 record and a third-place finish in the state.

Last summer Debbie was chosen over 200 other applicants to coach at Kentucky, but after losing to Tennessee 107-53 in the season opener she thought she should be fired. "I'd never been blown off the court before and I couldn't believe what was happening," she says. Worse, the game was played before 8,000 fans, including her folks, who had driven six hours to see the new coach. After the game her dad told her she played the wrong defense, which she had (Olympian Pat Roberts got loose for 51 points) and then Kay called and said, "Debbie, view this as a temporary setback. Surely they can do better." Surely they could and with a nervous coach popping up and down on the bench they won their next three games and then upset fourth-ranked Tennessee Tech 72-70.

After this win Debbie heard from Adolph Rupp, who asked, "Yow, what are you trying to do, beat my record?" Debbie would like nothing better, and she now thinks the team will win 75% of its games and finish second in the state to

qualify for the Southern Regional in March. If so, N.C. State, 15-1 and No. 8 in the country, will probably be Kentucky's opponent in the Yow family showdown. "My dad is used to us competing but my mother is not going to like it at all," says Kay. Susan adds, "I don't want to knock Debbie out but Kay deserves to win. Wherever she's gone she has made things happen and it's time for her to receive national recognition."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST After a January loss to Wake Forest, Clemson Coach Bill Foster tried but failed to relax his players for the next game with a series of one-liners. "So I bought a wild-looking sweater and wore it on game day to give them something to kid about," Foster said. "We won. So I've bought a sweater for every game since." Foster's sweater psychology, plus 32 points from his bench, earned the Tigers a 70-66 win in a rematch at Wake Forest that tightened up the Atlantic Coast race. At Maryland, though, Foster could not pull the wool over the Terps' eyes and he lost 84-78. Wake Forest took a 1½-game lead over Clemson and North Carolina, getting 30 points from Skip Brown and coming from 17 points back in the last 17½ minutes to trim North Carolina State 84-77. The Tar Heels damped Maryland 97-70.

Penn celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Palestra by nipping Columbia 86-85 as Keven McDonald had 26 points, then topped Cornell 59-41 as Tony Price had 23 rebounds. Princeton toppled the Big Red 67-49 and with Bob Renna picking up 22 points and 16 rebounds, topped the Lions 85-64 to tie the Quakers for the Ivy lead.

Providence topped DePaul 84-73 and overcame 25 turnovers to defeat LIU 99-85. That gave the Friars 20 wins for the 16th time in 19 years, a feat unmatched in the nation.

A 37-point spree by Euse Hollis earned St. Bonaventure to a 91-84 upset of Syracuse. Em the Gem! Sarmonis had 19 points as Philadelphia Textile shocked Villanova 61-57. VMI avoided being damped, holding off Marshall 97-90 and Richmond 92-87.

1. WAKE FOREST (19-3)

2. PROV. (20-3) 3. N. CAROLINA (17-4)

MIDWEST

"We really messed up the race, didn't we?" said Nebraska's Bob Siegel, who helped snarl the Big Eight picture with 18 points in a 60-58 upset of Missouri. On hand to see the Huskers win with aggressive man-to-man defense

and ball-control offense was the largest crowd ever to see a basketball game in Nebraska, 14,273. The Huskers' win left them tied with Oklahoma and one game behind Missouri and Kansas State. Kim Anderson's 38 points carried the Tigers past Kansas 87-79. The Wildcats earned a share of first place with two wins, first stopping Nebraska 67-62 and then committing only four turnovers and getting 34 points from freshman Curtis Redding to beat Kansas 86-83. Oklahoma topped Oklahoma State 63-51, but lost at Colorado 79-65.

Although Tulane sank 16 of 20 second-half shots and led 62-48 with 9:31 left, Arkansas rallied for a 76-73 victory. Marvin Delph and Ron Brewer made the Razorbacks winners by bombing the Green Wave zone for 41 points. Arkansas then drubbed Baylor 77-57 and Rice 78-51.

A terrific full-court press enabled Cincinnati to win three times. First came a 63-62 verdict over Marquette, in which the press forced 15 turnovers. The Bearcats next beat Eastern Kentucky 78-60 and Georgia Tech 84-73, provoking 46 errors.

Profitless scoring by Anthony Roberts of Oral Roberts and John C. Johnson of Creighton kept their teams winning. Roberts had 79 points as the Titans (18-5) downed Murray State 80-66 and North Texas State 113-90. Johnson's 77 points led the Bluejays (20-3) past Oklahoma City 90-71. North Texas State 101-83 and Nebraska Omaha 81-69.

1. LOUISVILLE (19-3)

2. ARKANSAS (22-1) 3. CHICAGO (18-3)

WEST

Washington Coach Marv Harshman's 50th win was one of his sweetest ever, a 78-73 shocker over UCLA. Making it possible were Guards Mike Neill and Chester Dorsey, who outscored their Bruin counterparts, Jim Spillane and Roy Hamilton 36-13. The Huskies also beat USC 72-50 and Pac 8 leader UCLA squirmed past Washington State 65-62.

Half-time—California 37, Oregon 37. Regulation—65-65. First OT—72-72. Second OT—83-83. Third OT—89-89. Fourth OT—93-93. Final—California 107-102. That's right, five overtimes. Gene Ransom, a 5'9" Golden Bear guard, played 63½ minutes and scored 36 points in the overtime. More than that, Ransom knotted the score with 1:14 left in regulation time by sinking two free throws, turned a rebound into a basket with two seconds to go in the second overtime and scored the final points in the fourth extra period on a pair of foul shots with 1:18 remaining. His performance offset a 41-point effort by Oregon's Greg Ballard. In all, there were 78 fouls, 27 ties and NCAA records for number of players fouling out (10), and for free throws made and tried (37 and 55) by California.

Utah escaped from Colorado State with a 60-68 win when Earl Williams sank a last-second, no-time-to-look shot. At Wyoming,

though, the Utes lost 94-88. Arizona tied Utah for the Western AC lead, trimming Texas-EI Paso 67-60 and New Mexico 88-84.

San Francisco swamped Nevada-Reno 92-76 and St. Mary's 99-82. Before ambushing Louisville (page 22), Nevada-Las Vegas beat Dayton 106-84.

Portland State's Freeman Williams, who leads the country with a 39.3 scoring average, set an NCAA one-game high for the season with 71 points in a 142-85 thrashing of Southern Oregon. (Only two NCAA players have scored more: Frank Selvy of Furman netted 100 in 1954 and Billy Milvy of Temple 73 in 1951.) Next time out, Williams tapered off, picking up just 59 points in a 119-71 win over Simon Fraser.

Montana State tied an NCAA record during a 31-11 loss to Idaho State, trailing 8-0 at halftime after having missed all three of its field-goal attempts.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (25-0)

2. UCLA (18-3) 3. ARIZONA (18-3)

MIDEAST "You're 12 points behind when you walk in," said Tennessee Coach Ray Mears of Florida's infamous Alligator Alley, where his team suffered its first Southeastern Conference loss 80-76. Al Bonner did in the Vols by scoring nine of his 19 points in the last 7½ minutes. Tennessee (11-1 in the SEC) then zapped LSU 91-64. Kentucky (10-1) flustered outsider Florida State 97-57 and beat Auburn 89-82. Alabama (10-2) trimmed Mississippi 72-68 and stopped Mississippi State 73-69.

Michigan combated Minnesota's zone press with a passing game, good corner shots and 16 layups. Steve Grote sank a 25-foot corner shot to snap an 80-all tie and propel the Wolverines to an 86-80 verdict that kept them atop the Big Ten. The Gophers came back tolobber Ohio State 91-65 and to hold off Iowa 61-58. Third-place Purdue was dumped by Wisconsin 76-74 and, after what Coach Fred Schaus called "one of my better halftime sermons," rallied past Northwestern 102-84.

"My yelling was normally violent," said another halftime orator, Marquette's Al McGuire, who chastised his team for blowing a 12-point lead over Loyola of Chicago. His Warriors went on to win 81-71 and then ran away from Manhattan 86-60.

Northern Illinois and Miami of Ohio moved closer to their March 5 Mid-American showdown. The Huskies (8-2 in the MAC) were picked to finish last, but with Matt Hicks gunning in 57 points they stopped Western Michigan 68-60 and Ohio U. 73-70. The Redskins beat Eastern Michigan 86-58, Kent State 64-56 and Ball State 87-70.

South Carolina beat The Citadel 83-66. Coach Frank McGuire's 500th victory.

1. KENTUCKY (16-2)

2. TENNESSEE (17-4) 3. MICHIGAN (16-2)

Look for this tag!



MURRAY

makes yards of difference.



Jack Nicklaus depends upon the right equipment to get the job done well. The right equipment makes the difference in many things yards of difference.

Murray mowers specialize in yards of difference. The full line of walking mowers, riding mowers, tractor mowers and tillers reflects significant features—sturdy construction, maneuverability, easy maintenance and reliability. Good equipment makes yards of difference.



Look for the Jack Nicklaus tag on the full line of Murray mowers at your dealer's, or write
THE MURRAY OHIO MFG. CO., BRENTWOOD, TENN. 37027

MERIT 100's!

**MERIT adds MERIT 100's—'Enriched Flavor,'
breakthrough applied to 100mm length.**

The MERIT breakthrough technology that produced a whole new taste standard in low tar smoking has now been applied to a 100mm cigarette.

New MERIT 100's. Only 12 mg. tar. Yet packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. Tobacco fortified with certain key flavor-rich ingredients isolated in cigarette smoke and proven to deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

If you smoke but haven't chosen to take advantage of the MERIT breakthrough because you prefer a longer length cigarette, you'll be interested.

Because now you have your MERIT, too. Read the test results for yourself.

Test Data Conclusive

New 12 mg. tar MERIT 100's were taste-tested against a number of major 100mm brands ranging from 17 mg. to 19 mg. tar.

Thousands of smokers were tested. The results: *overall, they liked the taste of MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar 100mm brands tested.*

MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL. King Size and new 100's.

The taste barrier for low tar smoking has been broken again.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec '76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT 100's



MERIT & MERIT MENTHOL. KINGS & 100's.

**When a car makes you feel good about its looks,
that's styling.**

**When a car makes you feel good about yourself,
that's character.**



**Monte Carlo.
Personal. Original. Affordable.**



The auerhahn is a wary bird, but fove is its undoing. The only time a hunter can approach is during its song of wooing



The fateful chop, chop, chop, pop, hissssss

Imagine a big-game trophy that has no horns or antlers to hang on the wall, no hide to convert into a rug or coat, little if any meat to put on the table, and only half the number of feet one associates with most big-game trophies. Add to these insufficiencies the fact that this trophy is one of the wariest in the world to hunt, that it is found in terrain that is among the most difficult anywhere and that, in most cases, it can be collected only once in a hunter's lifetime. Finally, this trophy is not even a mammal. It is a bird, but so rare and unusual a one that for many sportsmen is in a class with such coveted big-game prizes as the mountain nyala, the bongo and the *Ovis aamon* alpin sheep.

This wonderful bird is the auerhahn (*Tetrao urogallus*), known as the *Gros-schahn* in Germany, the giant black cock in Scotland and the capercaillie in Spain. The largest of the European grouses, the auerhahn may stand 40 inches tall, have a wingspan of more than five feet and weigh 12 pounds.

As Europe became more settled over the centuries, the encroachment of man

upon its habitat should have resulted in the auerhahn's extirpation, as was the case with a number of other species. Instead it retreated, its range finally being reduced to the most remote wildernesses of the continent. Remarkably the auerhahn survives there still, high in the Alpine forests and in other trackless places, and more remarkably, it continues to out-wit man.

Austria probably has the largest population of auerhahn in Europe today, but only about two dozen are taken by hunters each year, all under carefully controlled regulations, and then only after a game board has conducted something of a census and determined that a particular old male is no longer vital to further propagation.

The lucky hunter chosen to try for such a bird is selected by the state if the bird's habitat is public land (usually through a program of special applications and drawings) or, if the bird is on private land, by the owner of the hunting lease on that land. As in most of Europe, virtually all hunting on private land in Austria is by long-term lease. If the leaseholder has al-

ready taken the single auerhahn he is entitled to in his lifetime, it is customary for him to sell the right to shoot the bird to another hunter. Because the auerhahn is so rare, and because there are so many more hunters than there are available birds, the hunting permit is generally good for only three days. After that, an unsuccessful hunter is ethically bound to step aside so that another may have a chance. In the month-long season during which the auerhahn is hunted early each spring, it is not unusual to have as many as eight or 10 hunters try for the same bird. It is not uncommon for all of them to fail.

"Nein," said the travel agent in Munich when I asked him my chances of taking an auerhahn on the hunt I had booked in Austria.

"Ja," said Herr Ainstetter, the guide, who met me in the tiny hamlet of Bienenbaum, which hangs like a Christmas ornament from the side of an Austrian alp near the Italian border.

"Why not?" I thought, as we left the village in a vintage German car at one o'clock the next morning, driving in total

continued

THE ARMY YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER OVER THE NEXT

INTRODUCING A NEW EDUCATIONAL ASSISTANCE PROGRAM.

Starting January 1, 1977, your son or daughter can accumulate up to \$8100 for college or vocational-technical school during just 36 months in the Army.

Under this Educational Assistance Program, they can save from \$50 to \$75 each month, with their savings matched 2 for 1! And that adds up.

FOR EVERY DOLLAR THEY SAVE TOWARD COLLEGE, TWO WILL BE ADDED.

By participating in the new program, a young person gets three dollars back for every dollar saved toward college or vocational-technical school—the dollar saved plus the additional two dollars of matching funds.

If the maximum of \$75 a month is saved (\$2700



CAN HELP SAVE \$8100 FOR COLLEGE THREE YEARS.

over 36 months), \$5400 will be added for a total of \$8100. If the minimum of \$50 a month is saved (\$1800 over 36 months), \$3600 will be added for a total of \$5400.

HOW DO THEY COLLECT?

Assuming your son or daughter has finished the 36-month enlistment in the Army and has deposited, for example, \$75 to the educational fund each month, the \$8100 accumulated under the program will be paid in monthly installments of \$225 for each month of college or vocational-technical school completed.

If they decide not to continue schooling after the Army, they get back all the money saved. The matching funds will be paid only if used toward completing up to four years of college or vocational-technical school. The extra \$5400 matching amount becomes a strong incentive for a young person to continue with school.

THEY CAN ALSO GO TO COLLEGE WHILE IN THE ARMY AND WE PAY UP TO 75% OF THE TUITION.

If your son or daughter enlists in today's Army, all kinds of educational opportunities are open for earning college or vocational-technical credits right on post with the Army paying up to 75% of the tuition. Under Project AHEAD, for example, a young person can enlist in the Army and start a college or vocational-technical school program at the same time. Over 1400 colleges and universities around the country now participate in Project AHEAD. It's a great chance for a young person to get a jump on the future.

YOUR LOCAL ARMY REPRESENTATIVE IS THE PERSON TO TALK TO NEXT.

This new Educational Assistance Program, along with all of the other educational benefits the Army offers, will help your son or daughter

serve their country better as soldiers now, citizens later. There's no better time to start getting that education than now. Your local Army Representative has full details on all the educational and other opportunities for young people in today's Army. Or, if you'd like us to send the information to you, just mail the coupon. Or call 800-431-1976 toll free. In NY, call 800-243-5614.

Army Opportunities

P.O. Box 1776

Mount Vernon, NY 10550

Please send me more information about the new Educational Assistance Program and other opportunities for young people in today's Army.

Mr. _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

The telephone number and address of your local Army Representative is listed in the Yellow Pages under "Recruiting."

**Join the people
who've joined the Army.
It's an education, too.**

darkness until we reached a barn where we left the car and started up the mountain on foot. It was raining steadily, and climbing through the darkness was an eerie experience.

The hunt had been arranged by Colonel Lloyd Hall, then the executive secretary of the Association of American Rod and Gun Clubs in Europe. He had assured me that there were auerhahn on the private leasehold on which I was to hunt and that if anyone in the region could lead me to one, Herr Ainstetter was the man.

Two hours passed before we came to the place where the auerhahn was supposed to sing its distinctive mating song. The actual mating takes place in daylight, but the courtship begins before dawn when the cock, perched high in a conifer, produces its amatory arias. These proclamations of love are its undoing. At any other time the auerhahn's hearing and eyesight are so extraordinary that it is unapproachable. But when the auerhahn is actually calling—a period of a few seconds at a time—it becomes so engrossed in its song that it is oblivious to all other sound.

At four o'clock we stopped and sat beneath a tree. The night was still formless and black. A steady, unending rain had soaked through my clothes and into my boots. I strained to hear any sound that might be the call of an auerhahn. No auerhahn, no bird songs at all. There was only the patter of rain falling on the forest floor.

Finally Herr Ainstetter got to his feet. He motioned me on and we climbed still higher, feeling our way among the stumps and roots in the blackness until we reached a crest where snow lay in hollows beneath the trees.

Then, from almost overhead, we heard the call of an auerhahn. Herr Ainstetter grabbed my wrist. I froze, one foot in midstep. The bird called again. It was a weird sound: a chop, chop, chop, chop, quickening until it exploded into a sudden pop, then ending with a long *hussssssss*. Herr Ainstetter suddenly tightened the grip on my wrist and pulled me forward.

Quickly he dropped to the ground. The bird called again and in that moment Ainstetter pointed skyward. The auerhahn was somewhere in the top of one of the tall pines directly in front of us. There was a faint grayness now to the sky, but the forest was still a shadowy

blend of blacks and browns, and nothing had shape or form. Spotting a bird seemed impossible. I stared at the place where Herr Ainstetter pointed. I could see nothing.

Again the bird called. Again my guide pointed. High in the tree, perhaps 50 yards from where I crouched, something moved. It was the auerhahn. The great bird sat midway out on a branch, its long, puffed neck stretched skyward. Ainstetter handed me his gun, moving in slow motion. It was a *boch boechsdlinde*—a combination 16-gauge shotgun over a 7.57-mm rifle with a 4X scope—an old, engraved hammer affair that, like its owner, had spent many hours afield.

The bird moved again and I had it in my sights. I put the cross hairs on its breast and squeezed the bottom trigger. The shot resounded through the trees and for an instant I saw the whiteness of the bird's undersides flash through the darkness. With a hollow thud, it hit the ground below.

For a moment there was silence. Then Herr Ainstetter said, "Ja, Frühen! Ja." He placed his hand upon my shoulder and said, "Weidmannsheit!"—the traditional hunter's salute.

"Weidmannsheit!" I replied. And then we sat, as is also the custom, and observed the minutes of mourning allotted to all fine trophies. As we did, Herr Ainstetter whispered, "Ja, Frühen! Gut schessen! Wunderbar!" I felt strangely moved, both because the hunt had been such an eerie and suspenseful one, and because my guide showed such genuine emotion at its outcome.

Finally we got up and walked to the place where we had heard the auerhahn fall. We searched the area for about 10 minutes, hunting in widening circles, but we found nothing. We returned to where we had first marked the bird down and looked more carefully, probing under logs and into stump holes. The more we searched, the more futile the search became. The congratulations, it seemed, had been premature.

Suddenly, in an explosion of noise, a bird took off through the trees, its wings thrashing as it lifted its heavy body from the underbrush. I stood open-mouthed, staring at the place where an auerhahn had risen from the ground not 30 yards beyond, and I felt an emptiness in my stomach.

It was all over. From the beginning there had been something unreal about

the hunt and about the bird. This, too, was unreal. I turned to Herr Ainstetter and said, "Kaput." He shook his head and said nothing. It was 5.45 a.m. A half hour had passed since my shot. The rain had stopped at last. We sat down to wait for morning.

After a while Herr Othmar, who owned the lease on which we were hunting, came puffing and panting through the forest.

"Weidmannsheit!" he said.
"Weidmanns Dank nein," I answered.
"The bird is gone."

"Nein, Nein," he said. "I heard it fall. Even from so far away, it sound like a tree going down."

"Ja," I said, "More like a tree going away."

The thin gray of morning was beginning to filter into the forest, outlining the trees and bushes. Ainstetter got to his feet and in the half light began again to search the area, his shoulders stooped as he peered at the ground. Then he straightened and shouted. In his upraised hand he held a huge, dark bird. It was my auerhahn. The bird had not moved from where it had fallen almost an hour before. In our search for it we had spoken another auerhahn.

Everybody shook hands and patted shoulders and talked at once. Herr Othmar performed the ritual of the boughs. Breaking a twig from a pine tree, he touched it to the blood at the beak of the auerhahn, then placed it upon his hat and, with a half bow, presented it to me. Equally solemn, I accepted the bough, tucking it into the band of my Tyrolean hat. Herr Othmar snapped off a second twig and placed it in the beak of the bird. This was the *letzter bissen*, or last bite, symbolizing the link between hunter and game.

We carried the auerhahn down the mountain and back to Ainstetter's house, where we hung it outside his front door for all to see. Then we began still another part of the hunting ritual—the drinking of toasts. The first, served in shot glasses, was *schnapps*. This was followed by local red wine, then by hot tea laced with Austrian rum. This in turn was followed by the ultimate tribute to so grand a trophy—a thick, dark liquor known as *Jägermeister*. This was probably followed by a number of other drinks in the salute befitting the great bird, but by then I had fallen asleep on Herr Ainstetter's sofa.

Oceans apart
from the ordinary.



Heineken. Holland's finest.
America's number one
imported beer.
Light or dark.
In bottles or on draft.
Exclusive U. S. Importers:
Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

Heineken tastes tremendous—no wonder it's number one.



Confronted by the worst winter in Buffalo history, the snowbound Sabres came up cold in January but defeated Boston last week to heat up the Adams race

Shoveling out from under

As the Buffalo Sabres began last Thursday's episode of *Nanook of the North*, they were leaving New York City for Buffalo, where snow was falling for the 52nd straight day and where the airport was closed because of fog. Worse: Richard Martin, the Sabres' leading goal scorer, was wearing a sling to protect the shoulder he had bruised during the previous night's 2-1 defeat of the Rangers and would have to sit out that night's Adams Division showdown against the first-place Boston Bruins, who were leading the second-place Sabres by four points.

Before continuing with Thursday's drama, however, here is a brief summary of the story so far. The Sabres started the season poorly and fell 10 points behind the Bruins but then stormed through a 21-3-3 streak, moving into first place just before Christmas. Right about then the snow started its daily descent (so far more than 160 inches have fallen during the worst winter in Buffalo history), and the Sabres—forced to pos-

pone many of their practices, cancel some of their home games and play road contests with rosters depleted by the absence of snowbound skaters—began a six-week slump, during which they won nine of 23 games and relinquished first place to the Bruins.

For the Sabres, the nadir came during the last weekend of January when the city of Buffalo was lost in a blizzard that added eight more inches of snow to the three feet already on the ground. The Sabres practiced in Buffalo on Friday morning and were scheduled to depart that afternoon for Montreal for a Saturday night game against the Canadiens. Driving home from practice, Wing Jim Lorentz had to abandon his car and walk the last mile; he didn't find the vehicle until three days later. Wing Gary (Crash) McAdam had five separate accidents in his new Thunderbird. After the fifth, McAdam was looking at his muffler and screaming at the woman who had rammed his car when suddenly he saw a car sliding toward his Thunderbird. He

leaped onto the trunk and watched the car come to a halt against his bumper. It took Defenseman Lee Fogolin and Forward Brian Spencer four hours to make the five-minute drive to their condominium complex; they were not seen again for three days. "I ran out of the necessities—milk and beer," says Fogolin. "I grew up in Thunder Bay, Ontario and we never had anything like what Buffalo had that weekend."

With the Buffalo roads impassable and the airport closed, Coach Floyd Smith changed the Friday departure to Saturday. Following snow plows, Smith made his regular 20-minute drive to the airport in two hours. Defenseman Jerry (King Kong) Korab could not even open the door of his house, so he called Wing Rene Robert. "If you want me to protect you tonight," he told him, "come dig me out." Robert drove his four-wheel-drive vehicle to Korab's home, dug him out and started for the airport with Korab and three other teammates.

Still, Smith could count only 10 players at 3 p.m., so he went to the phone to call Montreal and cancel the game. But just then Defenseman Jocelyn Guevremont pulled up in his four-wheel-drive vehicle with four other players—and the trip was on. Guevremont had reached his car by jumping out a window and shoveling his way to the garage.

"On the plane the stewardesses were hollering at the pilots that we couldn't take off," recalls Center Don Luce. "I think they tried to turn it around, but all the plane did was blow sideways. Somehow they got it in the air."

Although only 15 players were suited up, the Sabres held the Canadiens to 19 shots on goal and escaped with a 3-3 tie. "As great as that was," says Luce, "it makes you wonder if it was worth putting guys' lives at stake."

The blizzard forced the Sabres to cancel the following night's game against the Los Angeles Kings in Buffalo. Then the next afternoon, with the Buffalo airport shut down again, the Sabres boarded a bus for what would be a 10-hour trip to Long Island and the start of a three-game road trip. They lost to the Islanders 6-3, barely defeated the Colorado Rockies 6-4 in Denver and then blew a two-goal lead and were beaten by the Blues 6-5 in St. Louis. "We've had one practice in 10 days," Smith said. "When we get home, we're going to make up for lost

time and practice twice a day." Forward Craig Ramsay said, "We've been lucky that Boston has been struggling, too, and hasn't pulled way ahead of us. But if we don't wake up right now, we'll be buried in the snow and buried in the standings."

After Buffalo's home game against Toronto was snowed out, Smith drilled the Sabres for 75 minutes the morning of their game against the Rangers in New York, and they responded with a diligent but hardly artistic 2-1 victory. Center Andre Savard's goal in the closing seconds of the second period gave the Sabres their lead, and they spent the entire third period icing the puck. But so much for the story so far.

Last Thursday the snowfall finally stopped, the fog lifted—and the Sabres had a perfect landing when they arrived home to meet the Bruins. Because of the snow, the Sabres had not played a game in Buffalo in two weeks, and they were greeted like long-lost friends by a crowd of 16,433.

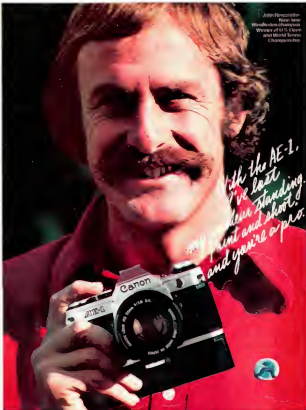
In an attempt to shake up the stumbling Sabres, Boston Coach Don Cherry decided to start his new policeman, a recently acquired rookie John Wensink, at left wing. Wensink, whose minor league credits include a half-season suspension and a fine for biting off part of a rival's ear, immediately whacked King Kong Korab in the head with his stick. Korab retaliated in kind and was given a four-minute penalty for his outburst, while Wensink escaped unscathed. But Boston's power play failed to capitalize on this opportunity.

When Korab stepped from the penalty box, he picked up the loose puck and beat Bruins Goaltender Gilles Gilbert to give the Sabres a 1-0 lead. Korab also began to hit everything in a black uniform and scored another goal as the Sabres built a 4-1 lead. The Bruins closed to within 4-3 and appeared, even to Buffalo Goaltender Al Smith, to have scored a fourth goal, but the referee and the goal judge both ruled "no goal." In the end, it was Korab's night, and he said, "I'd like to thank Wansink for writing me up."

Smith rewarded the Sabres with two more 90-minute workouts the next day—the first day it did not snow in Buffalo since December 21. “We’re turning it around,” Smith said hopefully. “No matter what, we’re fortunate not only to be close to first place, but that all of us are still alive.”

John Newcombe
Four-time
Wimbledon champion
Winner of 43 U.S. Open
and World Tennis
Championships

With the AE-1,
I've lost
my sense of standing,
my heart and soul,
and you're a pro.



Professionalism highlights everything John Newcombe does on the tennis court. But when it comes to taking pictures, he wants a camera that gives great results, but doesn't take a degree in math to operate. That's why he likes the Canon AE-1.

The AE-1 is a line 35mm camera that has point-and-shoot simplicity, and still has the versatility even a pro can love. Its rapid-fire power winder is great for sequences—you won't miss a shot. And



the AE-1's electronic flash is so automatic it's truly foolproof. Best of all, it does all this at a price that's just a little more than what you might spend on a camera that's a lot less. If you want to lose your amateur standing in photography, the Canon AE-1 is the way to go.

For a closer look at the Canon AE-1, see your local camera specialty dealer soon.

Canon AE-1 with optional Power
Winder A and Syncortina 100A.

So advanced, it's simple.

Canon AE-1

Canon USA, Inc., 10 Mercedes Drive, Lake Success, New York 11040
 Canon USA, Inc., 140 Industrial Drive, Fairbury, Illinois 60120
 Canon USA, Inc., 171 Portman Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626
 Canon USA, Inc., 2000 N.W. 2000th Ave., Miami, Florida 33133
 Canon USA, Inc., 2000 N.W. 2000th Ave., Miami, Florida 33133
 Canon USA, Inc., 2000 N.W. 2000th Ave., Miami, Florida 33133

The Lietzke Blitzkrieg

Bruce Lietzke has attracted the tour for two wins and \$123,350 in five events



Not one round of golf over par so far this year

The big news out of Palm Springs last week was that Bruce Lietzke did not win a golf tournament. Rak Masensiepe did, taking the Bob Hope Desert Classic with a glittering 23-under-par 337 for the 90 holes. But Lietzke finished second, earning \$22,800, which although slightly less than he is accustomed to these days, is not all that bad when stacked atop the \$100,550 he had already won in 1977. In five tournaments this year Lietzke now has two victories, a second, a fourth and a 12th, and—perhaps most impressive—he has played 21 consecutive rounds of golf at par or better, 26 dating back to the fourth round of last year's Sahara Invitational.

Lietzke has not yet pushed Palmer, Nicklaus and Miller out of the TV commercials and the big color ads in the national magazines, or attracted a rabid following that could be called Lietzke's Legion, but then he was virtually a non-entity when he stepped up to the 1st tee at the Phoenix Country Club in January to start this year's tour. Well, maybe those who followed the 1975 Westchester Classic, which took place six weeks after he turned pro, might recall seeing the name because he moved into contention there in the third round and eventually finished fourth. And in Arizona last year he pulled a mini-Miller, tying for fourth at Tucson and third at Phoenix.

But even at that, Lietzke was no more a celebrity than Lyn Lott, Wally Armstrong or Howard Twitty, all of whom failed to win a tournament but made the Top 60 money list and thereby were exempt from qualifying in 1977. With \$69,229, Lietzke was 39th. Outside of Arizona, his best finish was a third in the San Antonio-Texas Open, an event that does not attract many big names.

At Phoenix last month Lietzke had rounds of 71–70–69, and when he reached the 71st hole Sunday afternoon he was in a three-way tie for the lead with Jerry Pate and Dave Stockton. Alas, two straight bogeys cost him a chance to win, but his fourth place was worth \$3,800.

A week later in Tucson he reached the final hole needing only a par to win. Again he faltered and found himself in a sudden-death playoff with Gene Littler. After a three-hole stalemate, Lietzke rolled in a 65-foot putt for a birdie, his first victory and \$40,000.

After tying for 12th at the Crosby, Lietzke took a week off, intending to get away from it all at his parents' home in Beaumont, Texas. But Jan. 25 was officially declared Bruce Lietzke Day, and the festivities went on all week. Then it was off to Hawaii, where scores of 67–70–67 gave him a tie for the 54-hole lead with Don January. Late in the final round, with January holding a one-stroke lead, Lietzke was treated to the sight of his opponent, playing in the threesome directly ahead, spending more time in the sand than Lawrence of Arabia and ultimately taking a double bogey. Minutes later, Lietzke had his second tour victory and another \$48,000.

Naturally, all this has had some impact on the 25-year-old Lietzke's life. He now plans to play in Japan, perhaps Australia and New Zealand, and his victories have qualified him for the Masters, PGA, World Series of Golf and the Tournament of Champions. Being in the limelight is very pleasant, but Bruce Lietzke is not really a limelight sort of person. When he wants to get away from it and chase bass instead of birdies, he and his family will go to a 50-acre spread they have bought on Oklahoma's Grand Lake, also called Lake of the Cherokees. His parents are going to move into an existing house, and he and his brother Duane will build houses nearby. Lietzke plans to buy a fishing boat and have a dock installed no more than 30 steps from his front door. His house will have no telephone.

Because Lietzke has won when he has—winter tournaments that have been televised nationally—he has gotten more exposure than, say, John Lister, Bob Wynn, Mac McLendon and Butch Baird, all of whom won tournaments last summer or fall. After his victory in Hawaii, ABC had an awkward 20 minutes to fill and for much of it the network conducted a virtual "Bruce Lietzke, This Is Your Life."

Which goes, briefly: "My oldest brother, Duane, is the one who started me. He was a club pro in Wichita, Kans., at Rolling Hills Country Club. He started as assistant pro when he was about 14. He worked his way up and became head pro in the late 1960s, stayed there three years and now he's sales manager for PGA-Victor golf equipment, the company that I represent on tour."

Put yourself in Nate Archibald's shoes.

Nate spends a lot of time on his feet. So it's no wonder his feet spend a lot of time in our shoes.

Sure, the Royal Plus is tough. But with our cushioned arch support, padded tongue and collar, it's not tough on your feet.

And to a pro like Nate, comfort counts. Because to win, you've got to stay on your toes.

UNIROYAL



"Duane's my pro. He's the only person I go to for lessons."

Lietzke is 6' 2", 195 pounds and unmarried, a status he mentioned on television as if he were making a plea for help. Apparently some proposals have arrived, for he fastened to correct any misunderstandings at the Hope.

"I'm pretty dedicated to the game," he said. "I do no running around at all to speak of. I'm not a bar hopper. I don't think I'd put a woman through what some of those wives have to go through out here and, secondly, it doesn't fit my life-style. I like pretty much being my own boss and doing the things I want."

One of those things is driving fast. He was an amateur drag racer while at the University of Houston and now drives a '76 Pontiac Firebird Trans Am with a four-speed transmission. While he played Hawaii he left the car with a shop in Los Angeles that added "60 to 70 horsepower. It's probably rated at 320 to 330 horsepower now."

The Lietzkes left Wichita when Bruce was eight, moving to Beaumont, where he grew up. He played so much golf in high school and in college that at one point in 1973, feeling overgolfed, he packed away his clubs for six months.

But out they came in 1974, when he made his first try to qualify for his player's card. He let himself get too cautious on the last round of the arduous eight-round tournament and failed by one stroke. He succeeded the following year and was off on the tour.

"The pressures of the tour schools were the most severe I've ever felt," he says. "I've won two tournaments now and have led tournaments and have been coming down the stretch one behind or one stroke ahead, and I've never felt the pressure as I did in the two tour schools."

How he wrapped up the Hawaiian Open is, if not typical, indicative of the way he has been winning. The 18th at Waiolae is a par-5. Lietzke hit a huge drive, knocked a four-iron 12 feet from the pin and, putting cross-handed as is his style, sank the putt for an eagle. At Hawaii Lietzke played the par-5s in 15 under, his score for the entire tournament. The eagle at 18 wasn't needed—a mere par would have won—but it added to the excitement. That's what Bruce Lietzke has been doing to golf this year.

END

HOT BLOOD DOWN IN DIXIE

Richard Petty has won more NASCAR races than anyone in history (180).

His nearest active rivals are David Pearson (97) and Bobby Allison (46). Here the three drivers tell how rough their rivalry can get

As told to

BILL LIBBY

CONTINUED





Back in my daddy's racing days—Lee Petty won the first Daytona 500 and was NASCAR champ three times—the drivers were more important than the cars, a good driver, sometimes, could win in a bad car. But now we have good cars and good tracks and the cars are more important. I can walk down the line before the start of any race, even Daytona, where there are 42 starters, and I can eliminate over half of the field because neither the cars nor the drivers are good enough. I can cross off another third simply because the cars aren't good enough. So that leaves only six or eight cars and drivers for me to worry about in a race and, depending on the track and what I've seen in qualifying, only three or four I have any real concern about. Unless they all break down, there is no way an outsider is going to sneak in. He can't even stay close.

Now that's all right. How many good teams have you got in football? Or basketball? Or baseball? If you got six or eight that can win it all, you got a lot. It's no different in stock-car racing. One thing, though, there's less room at the top because the drivers don't quit so fast—I'm 39 and so is Bobby Allison. Buddy Baker is 36, Cale Yarborough is 37 and David Pearson is 42. So most of the best drivers today are the same guys I've been racing for six or eight years.

I won't say I'm the best driver today, but I'll say that I'm as good a driver as there is in stock cars. I think David Pearson is a better pure driver than I am, probably the best ever, but I'm as good a racer because I work better within a team and put the combination of driver and car and crew together. That's what produces the results.

The fact is, I think I have more confidence or desire than anyone. Most drivers are beat before they begin; they think they're going to lose, so they're going to lose. Some of them may think they can win, but they don't expect to win. I know I'm not going to win every race, but I expect to win going into every race. When I put the hammer down, some of those drivers just scatter. They think, "Uh, oh, here comes No. 43." They've been waiting for my car to come along, and when it does they get out of there.

In contrast, I think David Pearson wants to beat me so bad that he doesn't drive the same against me as he does against the others, and it takes something away from him. When he's in a position to win, he's the toughest driver I've ever had to beat. He doesn't always drive hard, but he drives smart. And he's strong, so he'll last. A lot of drivers may be tough for 20 laps or 50 miles, but David is one of the few you have to figure will still be tough after 200 laps or 500 miles. That matters as much as anything. He always knows what he has to do and when to do it and how to do it. He can handle a car so smooth it's a pleasure to see.

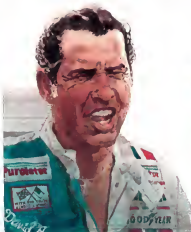
A. J. Foyt is the only driver I put on a par with Pearson on pure skill. Foyt can do anything any man ever could do with a car. He's as strong as any driver ever, yet he's got a light touch and he knows how to win races. If A.J. ran stock cars all the time instead of concentrating on Indy cars, I'm sure he'd be close to my record.

But I don't think he'd be better, for two reasons. One, he feels he has to do it all himself. He builds and tunes his own Indy cars, and even though someone else builds and tunes his stock cars, he's always putting his finger in the

Staying inches apart in a high-speed "draft" requires trust and nerve, and when Pearson (No. 21) balked Petty (No. 43) at Daytona, the trust was gone.



Copyright © 1977 by Richard Petty and Bill Lobby



At 42, David Pearson is still looking for new ways to do the unexpected



After years of cash-LUNK, Bobby Allison and Petty called a halt to their feud

pie. A.J. figures he can only count on A.J. I don't depend just on Richard Petty, I depend on Petty Enterprises. My daddy runs the team—not as much as he used to maybe, but when he's there he's the boss. My engine builder is my brother Maurice, and my crew chief is my cousin Dale Inman. I'm a team man and in the long run a team man will win more than an individualist.

The second reason is that Foyt—and Pearson, too—want to win too much. By that I mean they lose some races because they won't settle for second. A lot of times when I don't figure to finish first I'll still run hard for second or third, and sometimes I'll end up first because the car, or a couple of cars, in front of me will break down. Foyt and Pearson don't pick up many scraps like that.

From what I hear, Foyt was a great dirt driver. As strong as he is, I guess he really could wrestle his cars around. But he never drove stock cars on dirt against me. David did and he was sort of special on those old tracks, the best I ever saw. But we don't drive on the dirt much anymore. And David doesn't drive stock tracks much anymore. He's just been driving the superspeedways the last few years.

There's some pluses and some minuses to racing that way. David and his team, the Wood brothers, get more time to prepare for the big races and they're fresher when they get to them. On the other hand, David may not be as sharp as I am just because he lays off so much. The Petty team races once a week, and I think it keeps me and my crew sharp. Plus, I get to know the other drivers better.

I remember a thing that happened to David at Darlington a couple of years ago when Benny Parsons was going for his first win. Now Benny is such a sportsman he will move over for a faster car when he can't win, but he had a good shot at Darlington and there was no way he was go-

ing to pull over to permit Pearson to pass him. David was so surprised that Benny wouldn't let him by that he went into a turn tighter than he should have, trying to squeeze by Parsons, and he ran out of room and drifted right up into Benny. David's won a lot, but he does take a lot of chances. He's done some things I wouldn't do.

Like at Daytona in the 1974 Firecracker 400. Going into the last lap, I was drafting David, riding right on his bumper in the vacuum made by his car. I was all set to pass him for the win. He knew I could do it with a "slingshot"—that's when the car in back pulls out of the draft and actually gets sucked ahead by the air swirling around the lead car. I was where David wanted to be, so he just reversed things. We came down the front stretch at 190 or 200 mph, and when we went into the first turn of the last lap with me right behind him, David suddenly let off the accelerator and slowed. Now I was drafting him nose to tail, and I had to swerve as hard as I could to avoid running over him but couldn't help going right by him. Then he accelerated and got right on my tail and drafted me around until he made the slingshot pass I'd wanted to make on the fourth turn, and he won.

It was smart, I suppose, but it wasn't right. We have unwritten rules we live by, and he broke one of them and could have killed us both. I'd never known him to do something like that, but he wanted to win so much he did it then. He's lucky I didn't hit him or do the same thing back to him when he got behind me, or swerve over and knock him into the infield when he went past me. I was so mad I might have done anything... I was too mad to drive right or I might have had a chance to hold him off.

The thing that hurt is I trusted David more than any other driver. When I'm drafting him, he could make a right

cornered

turn or run through a fence and I'd follow him. I trust him that if something—cars spinning or something like that—happens in front of him he'll make the right move, so I'll move with him. When he's drafting me, I know he'll work with me. That's the way a good draft works—the car in front sucks the car behind along, but the second car is still pushing some air in front of it and shoving the first car, so they both go faster than if they were out there all by themselves. David doesn't try to move around to mess you up or slow you down or any of that kind of stuff. We just get out there and run. That's what it's all about.

Now David has outrun me before and he'll do it again. If he had just outrun me that time at Daytona it would of been fine. I would just try to outrun him the next time. But that was a dirty trick, and the only reason he had the guts to do it was because he trusted me so much he figured I could react fast enough to cut left and go around him rather than ram right into him. He took advantage of our trust. It really hurt, because when you think you know someone and you find out they're different, it's a hard thing to handle. I lost a lot of my liking and respecting of David that day. But he hasn't tried that again and my respect is beginning to come back.

As luck would have it, we wound up in the same situation at Talladega Raceway, about four or five weeks later, except I was leading and David was drafting. I didn't stop in front of him, but I slowed and he went on by. Then I picked up his draft and laid on him. When we came out of the last turn, I slingshot around him. He moved over trying to use up as much track as he could to make me back off, but I didn't give. The sides of our cars scraped and sparks flew off, but there was no way I was going to give a foot. I just kept scraping past him and was four feet in front of him by the finish line. A lot of people said I had gotten even, but you never get even. The one you lost is lost forever.

Things are all right between me and David now. We aren't buddy-buddy, but we can talk to each other, we respect each other, we enjoy racing each other. And we don't do dumb things week after week in an effort to beat each other. It was something that happened and it hasn't happened again and it's history. You can't carry a grudge around with you and race the right way.

Even though I know that is a fact, I guess I have to admit to being a part of the best-known and longest-lasting feud. That was with Bobby Allison. He and I did bend some metal back around '71 and '72. It really started a few years before that, in 1967 as I recall, when Bobby was breaking in. One race, he had a quicker car but I was smoother, so I could keep up with him. He went to pass a slow car but he made a bad move and I went by him without touching him. There were only eight or 10 laps to go in the race and there wasn't any way I was going to let him get back in front. Then, the first thing I knew I was going into a corner sideways. I had let up to make the turn but he kept coming and rammed me right out of it. Maybe you do that with \$5,000 Sportsman-category cars, but not with \$40,000 Grand National cars. I wasn't too pleased.

After the race I was loading the car on the trailer when I realized Maurice and Dale were missing. There was a big

crowd of people around Allison's rig, and then Bobby burst out of it and ran down the road and then out popped Maurice, who can't hardly run because he had polo when he was a youngster, chasing right after him. It seems like Maurice was so mad he'd gone over and thrown a punch at Bobby. By the time I got there Bobby's brother Eddie, who worked on his car, had said something to Dale, and Dale had thrown a headlock on him. I never got to take a punch at anyone. Maurice and Dale were fined for it. After that there were hard feelings between us, but nothing much came of it for a few years. We whopped one another in races from time to time, but I swear I never hit his car until he hit me first. Of course, that's my side of the story.

Then in '71 we wound up racing up front a lot and neither one of us would give the other any room. You can bend fenders in stock-car racing without killing one another, and we surely were bending fenders. One time we got into it at North Wilkesboro, a little five-eighths-mile track, and just beat one another until our cars looked like they came from a demolition derby. A sort of angry group gathered around my car afterward. I had taken off my helmet and handed it to Maurice and he was holding it. Some car put his hand on my shoulder and Maurice turned around and swung that helmet and hit that guy alongside his head and laid him low. Everyone scattered. So that ended it for that night.

But Bobby kept coming after me, race after race. I think the reason was that he was king of the Modifieds and I was king of the Grand National circuit, and the guy coming up wants to knock off the champion. He had a Petty complex, but he didn't mean anything to me. I never had any trouble with anyone else, so why should I pick on him unless he started it? But once he started it, I had to retaliate. I couldn't let anyone run me off the racetracks. So, race after race, we started to bump and bend metal. It was fun for a while, but then it got to be plain painful. I think we both got scared. Someone was bound to get hurt if we kept it up.

Don't get me wrong, I'm no saint and never pretended to be. I've drafted cars that slowed down on me, and I've had to shove them a spell to get them going better. And a bunch of times I've come up behind somebody I've lapped maybe 10 or 15 times, and deliberately tapped him or maybe run him down off the track because he didn't belong out there racing. Now, you should be ashamed of doing something like that, because that poor fellow probably is running as good as he can and he'll get out of your way. But I do it, we all do. With our big old cars we can get away with it. But what Bobby and me were doing wasn't safe. It was becoming clear we couldn't get away with it forever. We were trying to knock one another right off the track in top speed and that's dumb. We could both see it, I'm sure.

But every time the two of us would cool down, the press would write something and it would heat up again. Finally, at Riverside in '72 or '73, Allison told his side to a writer, and it came out in the newspaper like he was all innocent. Maurice and I read it and it teed us off.

That night we ran into Eddie and Bobby Allison at a restaurant, and both sets of brothers went at it, mouthing off. Until then I never had said anything to the Allisons or anyone else about what was going on. This time I did. I said,

continued



**I don't let anything
get in the way
of my enjoyment.**

So when I'm smoking I head straight
for Salem Longs. There's nothing halfway
about it. I get extra length, smooth flavor
and menthol. Salem's my enjoyment.

Salem Longs.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR '76.

"I'm not the sort of person who argues a lot and I don't intend to get into any arguments now. But I got something to say and I'm going to say it. I'm sick and tired of leaning on Bobby out there, and I think he's sick and tired of leaning on me. I think we both want to get back to racing. And we sure don't neither one of us want to get hurt. The next time I hear one word about Bobby and me beating on one another, I'm going to kick the hell out of whoever said it, and I don't care if it's Bobby or Eddie or Maurice or Dale." And I just turned around and walked off.

Next thing I know, Maurice has his arm around Bobby and they're just buddy-buddy and Eddie is talking to Dale about something. That's all it took to end it.

Still, it's not exactly like all the drivers are friends. Some of us are friends. Some of us aren't. Like in any group. When a bunch of guys are competing with one another, friendship goes just so far. You can't like someone so much or feel so sorry for him you don't want to beat him. When you get in a guy's way he's bound to be upset by it. When you beat him he's not going to like it. And if you're one of the good ones and he's not, he's going to be jealous of you.

But, we are all "close" because we are sort of set apart from other people. The things we feel about this sport, no outsider could know. So we sympathize with one another and we understand one another and we stick together a lot. I feel like I have buddies in this sport but no close friends. I just try to treat everyone decent. Not just drivers. Even writers. They call me King Richard and that's fine if that's the way people see me, but I don't feel like King Richard. I don't feel like I'm any better a person than anyone else just because I may be on top of this sport and he may not be. He may be a better person than I am. And I think David and Bobby both treat people decent. They're good to the other drivers and I don't see them lord it over the others. But I don't know what they think of me. What do they say?

DAVID PEARSON

When I'm racing Richard, I'm really racing. I don't know which one of us is better, but I'd rather be me than him. The last 10 years or so I've won my share. Since I signed on with a top team, I've won more superspeedway races and more of those close finishes between us than he has.

I don't take him for granted, so there's no reason for him to take me for granted. If he trusts me, fine. I trust him. But you don't trust an opponent to the point where you don't watch him every turn of the way.

The thing about that Daytona race is you do almost anything to beat the other guy, and you do different things in different races. Which is what I did that time all the fuss started: I made Richard pass me so I could draft him and slingshot around him coming off the fourth turn to win... and it worked.

Richard was mad because he got beat. And maybe because I did the unexpected. It's no good if he knows what to expect from me every time. I haven't done it since, because I know he's looking for it.

In a race when one of us has a car that is a lot better than the other's, it's no race. But in a race when one of us is just a little better—well, to win the race you have to outfox the other guy and that's what I did. I slowed when he

wasn't expecting it, and he had to go around me. Nothing wrong with that. The situation doesn't come up a lot anyway. There are only a couple times a year maybe that there is just the two of us together at the end.

I don't know if you could say he got back at me at Talladega. My car was a mess and my back window was coming out. I couldn't keep up. I took advantage of the one chance I had to pass him. He didn't truck me into passing him. Instead of a slapshot, I thought my best chance was to try to hold him off. I couldn't. So he won that one, that's all there was to it.

That race was five weeks after Daytona, but Richard was still so mad he didn't just drive by me, he scraped by me. But, I'll tell you, I'd rather rub fenders with Richard than compete clean with some of those other cats, they are crazy at times. If Richard was scraping the side of my car, it was because he wanted to. He always knows what he's doing.

To tell the truth, I'm more relaxed running close to Richard than anybody else. He is smooth. He'll run the same groove at the same speed all day long if he can. He's consistent. He'll take the turns the same way all day. A lot of those other drivers, you don't know what they'll do. They'll go in hard one time, back off another time. Not Richard.

But when we get down to the last laps, I don't take anything for granted. One thing for sure, he's just not going to let me get past him. He can use up a lot of track. And if he wants to pass me, he will go low one time and high another. He'll put the pass on in a turn one time and on a straight another.

I don't think he's physically as strong as some of us, but he's mentally as strong as any of us. He just makes up his mind he's going to race 500 miles and at the end he's there. Other drivers may be better on a given day, but it seems like Richard is there every day. He drives smart and hard and he has to be one of the best ever. And you have to respect his record, which is the best ever.

But Richard's like the rest of us. He isn't perfect. None of us are. We all take chances at times. We all go where we shouldn't go. We all make mistakes. But you shouldn't be racing if you aren't willing to take a chance and go at times, if you're afraid of making a mistake.

I've made a couple of moves in races that I wish I hadn't.

From the forthcoming book "King Richard" by Bill Labby, to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

They cost me a lot. But that doesn't mean I shouldn't have made them. It just means they didn't work. I had to take a chance to beat Richard at Daytona that day. There'll come another day when Richard will take a chance to beat me, you'll see.

BOBBY ALLISON

The root of the situation that developed between Richard and me was it came at a time when we were the only two people who were totally competitive race after race. He was established, the top guy, and I was just coming on. He seemed to take the attitude he shouldn't be challenged. But I go into every race with the intention of doing whatever it takes

to win, and so does he. And our talent is close enough so, if our cars are about equal, sometimes he'll win and sometimes I'll win. We got to leaning on each other for a while, but I still respect him and I think he respects me.

For a few years there we did bend each other's cars. Some races were worse than others. In that race in North Carolina where it all started, I had led almost all the way. Then he took the lead coming out of the pits after a caution flag, but I was quicker so I was ready to repass him. When I came up behind him, I hit him on the back bumper, twice. You can decide for yourself if it was misjudgment on my part. The fact is, he slowed down in front of me both times. You know the fuss about Pearson braking in front of Richard at Daytona? Well, that's what Petty did to me. The third time I tried to get by Richard, he went one place to block me and I went another place to pass him and it surprised him. I made my pass and won. True, I sideswiped him going by but he hadn't given me the room I needed to make a clean pass. Every driver feels he has a right to a certain place on a track, and when another driver tries to take it from him, he may get mad. That was 1967, the year Richard won 27 races, and I don't think anyone had really raced him on a short track all year. It just upset him to get competition.

The next year we had another rough race, at Islip, N.Y.

on what we used to call the Northern Tour. He had the field beat and I was way back in second. But I was still running hard in the hope that something would happen to him that would let me win. I was passing a slower car on this one-fifth-mile track, so we were running two abreast in tight quarters but this guy wouldn't move over for me. Then Richard came up to lap me and I wouldn't move over for him. The officials gave me the move-over flag, but I decided I'd gotten there first and I was as entitled to make my pass as Richard was to make his. Well, Richard ran right into me and bent his fender in on his tire. He had to pit and I won the race. I feel like he decided to hit me that time. I don't think it was supposed to be tap-tap-tap, it was supposed to be a cah-LUNK. So, after that, I didn't hesitate to cah-LUNK him when the opportunity arose. We got to looking for each other, if you know what I mean. It just went on and on. Not race after race, but year after year.

Then there were those fights. But remember, they weren't between Richard and me. They were between Richard's crew and me. Not his crew and my crew, but Richard's crew and me. Maurice and some other members of the Petty team were always shouting stuff. One time Maurice said he wanted to talk to me and the talk turned out to be a swing. I can accept that, but he knocked me down and

continued

Ripley's Believe It or Not!



JIM BEAM
orange juice and grenadine unleash a
"KING KONG COCKTAIL!"

KING KONG IS THE LARGEST MONSTER EVER MADE FOR A MOVIE! FORTY FEET TALL AND WEIGHING 8 1/2 TONS, HE STARS IN THE NEW YOUNG DE LAURENTIS PRODUCTION OF "KING KONG" DISTRIBUTED BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES

© 1971 BY THE DE LAURENTIS CORPORATION
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

© 1971 BY THE DE LAURENTIS CORPORATION
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

START WITH 1 OZ. JIM BEAM OVER ICE IN A TALL GLASS, ADD 3/4 OZ. GRENADINE, FILL WITH ORANGE JUICE, ADD WEDGE OF LIME AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL GO APE OVER YOUR "KING KONG COCKTAIL!"

Beam. Serving the United Tastes of America.

MINIMUM STRAIGHT BOTTLED WHISKY 40 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY HART & BOND DISTILLING CO., DISTRICT BEAM.

while I was down another member of the crew kicked me. Actually, Maurice knocked me down two times and this other guy kicked me the other time, too. I don't recall ever running, but I have never pretended to be a fistfighter. I'm not afraid to fight, but it's not the way I want to earn my living. I sure don't think it settles disputes on the track.

Of course the press built it up bigger than it was. I remember after one race when we didn't do anything but pass each other three or four times, the stories made it seem like we were firing from machine guns mounted on our cars. And on more than one occasion, we raced each other straight up and then laughed later when they wrote it up like it was war. It wasn't as bad as it seemed.

The thing is, I think it was the third parties steamed Richard up. Right after races Richard would act like maybe he'd made a mistake or maybe there wasn't much to what had happened, but by the next week he'd be angry and making a lot of it.

It all came to a head when a story in the Los Angeles Times steamed things up. A writer had asked me for the inside information on "the feud," in confidence. I told him my side, as you would to a friend. To my surprise it came out in the newspaper.

Well, facts are facts and you know everybody's got a little history that's unpleasant. But Richard felt enough was

enough. I kind of agreed with him when he stood up in the restaurant and said his piece. So that was that.

I'm going to say this straight out: I never distrusted Richard. I felt some of the things he did as he went along were wrong, but I never felt that he was going to go too far or cross over the line to where it got touchy.

We're not best buddies, but I think when we quit racing we will be. I don't like all the people around him, but I don't dislike them all, either. And he's good people.

Richard had the best opportunity of anyone in racing. What with his father racing before him, and even against Richard for a couple of years, people knew about him right from the start. Racing has been the Pettys' business for a long time. But the fact is Richard has taken it and multiplied it a hundred times, whereas many others would not have made nearly as much of it. Richard has been champion three times and has won the Daytona 500 five times. He says he's not the best driver? Well, I'm not sure he's not. At least he's as good as the best of us. Of course, I'd have liked to have had a go at it with his equipment.

It's hard not to be jealous of him, but he's put everything he has into it and I admire him for it. If he's in front of you, all you can do is chase him and hope. If he's behind you, you keep looking in your rear mirror because you know sooner or later he'll show up.

END

AUTO SHOW



Sony's 7" (measured diagonally) black-and-white portable can follow you anywhere. From room to room, or even out of the house. It's 100% solid-state, has a built-in battery compartment, and a glare-free screen for easy viewing outside. Easy to handle (15 pounds with optional batteries) and easy to watch, our little Sony puts on quite a show.

"IT'S A SONY."

Model TV-770 Black/White Portable. TV Feature simulated.
© 1977 Sony Corp. of America. SONY is a trademark of Sony Corp.

WE MUST ALL WORK TOGETHER TO CARE FOR THE HEALTH OF EVERY AMERICAN.

The nation's life and health insurance companies know that no one segment of society can do the job alone. Only through the concerted, cooperative efforts of the hospital and medical professions, the consumer, insurers, labor, management, and government can we contain rising medical costs and improve the health care system as a whole.

Here are nine ways to do just that. They were recently presented by the health insurance companies of America, to a federal body, the Council on Wage and Price Stability.

1. Stop building unneeded hospital rooms, and unnecessarily duplicating expensive, highly-specialized medical equipment.
2. Establish commissions in all states which would require hospitals to justify their rates and charges.
3. Eliminate duplicate laboratory testing in hospitals, and place greater emphasis on pre-hospital admission testing.
4. Provide more outpatient care, where that's a medically acceptable alternative to expensive confinement in a hospital.
5. Adopt health insurance benefit plans which provide incentives for outpatient and preventive care, stress the importance of patient education, and stimulate more cost consciousness on the part of patients and physicians.
6. Expand to all patients the scope of Professional Standards Review Organizations, which by law presently monitor

necessity for treatment and quality of care only for Medicare and Medicaid patients.

7. Foster competition in the health field to help the development of better systems for the delivery of care.

8. Support efforts to achieve a more equal distribution of physicians by specialty and geographic area, especially those who provide basic care.

9. Encourage people to accept greater personal responsibility for developing good health habits, in the interest of preserving their own health.

These nine steps can take us a long way toward a better health care system... toward some sensible containment of the runaway medical costs which have become an ever increasing burden for everyone. Private health insurers are working hard to ease the burden, insuring today over 175 million people against the cost of illness and over 149 million against the cost of catastrophic illness. The 1,000,000 people in the life and health insurance business believe that every American has the right to affordable medical care of good quality.

For the full text of the statement by the health insurance companies of America before the Council on Wage and Price Stability, write to the Health Insurance Institute, 277 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

**The
Life and Health
Insurance Companies
in America**

The impersonal future? That's not our way of doing business.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 7-13

ARCHERY—RICHARD M. KINNEY of Munroe, Ind. scored 2,501 points to defeat Japan's Takashi Kumei for the men's individual title at the world championships in Caserta, Amantea. LUANN RYON of Riverside, Calif. won the women's title with 2,313 points, defeating Jurgens M. Ripas of Poland. The U.S. won the men's and women's team championships.

[illegible]

BOWLING—DON JOHNSON of Las Vegas defeated Earl Anthony 236-204 to win the \$14,000 first prize in the Muddy Cope in New Orleans. Johnson has won 26 PBA titles, one fewer than record-holder Anthony.

BOKRINGO—ESTEBAN DE JESUS of Puerto Rico retained his WBA light-welter title on a walk-round TKO of Japan's Shingo (Osaraw) Yanoche in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

GOLF—**RIK MASSINGALE** scored a three-stroke victory over Bruce Lietzke to win the \$200,000 Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif. Massingale finished the 90-hole event at 317, which was a record 23 under par (Lietzke 340).

PAM HIGGINS parted the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with **Jude Rankin** to win the \$7,500 first prize in the \$50,000 LPGA American Canest Society tournament in Miami. Higgins and Rankin both shot four-under-par 217 for 36 holes.

WFO HOCKEY V—NHL. Buffalo Sabres (20th) 4-2 to star from the Bruins. Adams Division lead to 4 points in game 54th, while the New York Islanders defeated Philadelphia 2-1 to cut the Flyers' Patrick Division lead to 3 points. The Islanders' first victory over the Bruins in four games, 3-1, was the first since 1982. The Sabres' 4-2 victory over the Bruins followed a 3-1 win over the Islanders and scored two goals in a 3-1 win from Adams and two more in a 10-0 loss of Washington. Cleveland moved to last place in the Eastern Division with a 3-1 win over the Islanders. The franchise's all-time, defeated Los Angeles (4-1) and Colorado 3-0. Detroit Point's second-period goal lifted the Islanders over the Flyers, who now have lost four of five games. The Islanders, who beat Los Angeles 4-1 while the Flyers whipped Washington 9-2. Montreal's Ken Dryden got his seventh shutout, stopping Vancouver's 10th game in a row. The Canadiens' defense, strengthened by hold on first place in the Smythe race with a 6-1 defeat of Pittsburgh on Claude Larocque's hat trick, 3-1, and a 3-1 victory over Atlanta, the Flyers held straight line.

WHA journeyman goaltender Jacques Lemaire led a spectacular win for Cincinnati, shutting out Philadelphia's Wings. Richie Leach scored the hat trick and Jeff Dufford and two rookies, Jeff Langstaff and Steve Rucchin, then the 37-year-old Lemaire stopped 21 shots at a 4-0 defeat of the Jets. Eastern Division leader Quebec lost to Winnipeg and Houston but beat Indianapolis 5-1 as Brad Clapper scored his 43rd and 43rd goals. Second place San Diego ousted Western Division leader Houston by sweeping its three games, toppling Edmonton 6-5. Phoenix 3-3 on Andre Lacroix, three goals and Birmingham 3-2 at Vancouver.

ICE BOATING—HENRY BOSSETTE, of Hiram, N.J., defeated Poland's Zbigniew Stankowski by 1/11th point for the DN Class Gold Cup world championship, held among 36 competitors from five countries on the Mian River at St. Michaels, Md.

SPEEDSKATING—ERIC HEIDEN, a University of Wisconsin freshman, won the men's world championship at Heerenveen. The Netherlands, the first American to take the title in the event's 76-year history. Heiden finished

VEITA, BRYNDZEY of the Soviet Union won the women's world title at Krynica, Poland by winning the 1,000-meter event and finishing fifth in the 3,000.

SQUASH—SHARIF KHAN of Toronto won his eighth consecutive North American pro singles title, defeating Stuart Goldstein of New York 15-5, 15-10, 18-14, in Detroit.

TENNIS—ILIE NASTASE defeated Wojtek Fibak 4-6, 6-2, 7-6 for the \$30,000 Sena prize in the WCT Old Spree International in Mexico City.

CHRIS EVERT defeated Margaret Court 6-1, 6-3 to win the \$20,000 first-place check in the \$100,000 Virginia Slims tournament in Chicago.

RACE & FIELD—FILBERT BAYI won the mile in 3:17.2 at the Mizuno-Dynon Games at Louisville, his first triumph of the indoor season. ALBREY WILSON of Flk University took the 500-meter dash in 1:02.4, upsetting Stan Vancor's world indoor record.

At the U.S. Olympic Invitational meet at Madison Square Garden, Olympic gold medalist JOHN WALZ, JR. won the 5,500 to a meet record 3:40.2, defeating the Lady's Nauti-Olympian by 10 yards. MARK BELGER of Villanova stunned Mike Bost in the 300-meter run with a meet record 1:49.3. JEANETTE BOUDEN, a 17-year-old Los Angeles high school junior, equaled the meet record of 6:21 in the 50-meter dash.

STEVE RIDDICK won his 11th and 12th consecutive games of the indoor season, stretching to a 3-2 clocking in the 30-yard dash at the Maple Leaf indoor games in Toronto, then winning the 40-yard dash in 5.99 the next night at the Knights of Columbus meet in Cleveland.

At the La Presse Invitational in Montreal, JANE FRIEDRICK of Los Angeles set a world record of 4.58 seconds in the women's 50-meter hurdles, beating the 1973 mark of East Germany's Annette Eibhardt by .15 second.

FILEDRAFTS—AWARDED To Olympic decathlon gold medalist and world-record holder **BRUCE JENNER**, 27, the AAU's Sullivan Award as the outstanding U.S. amateur athlete of 1974.

CREDITS

68—Gregory by Arnold Rapp 69—Eric Schweikardt
42—John O. Hanson 66—Manny Milton 66—Lana
Stewart

FACES IN THE CROWD

SHARON SCHREYER

Levi-Strauss, 1969



Averaging 31 points, seven rebounds, six steals and three assists per game, Sharon has led the Lewes Cats High girls' basketball team to a 15-0 record this season. She holds the school single-game scoring record of 46 points.

GREG THOMPSON

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 103–110



Greg, 16, is the first high school junior to clear seven feet in indoor competition. In the St. Francis Prep Games, the 6'1" high-jumper went over the bar at 7' on his first attempt, breaking the record of 6'11 $\frac{1}{2}$ " set in 1974.

PHILLIP COFFMAN

David J. C. Carr, DPhil, is a senior research fellow at the Centre for the Study of Institutions, Population and Environmental Change, and a senior research advisor at the Centre for Communications Programs, both at the University of Toronto, Canada.



A 6' 1" senior guard for the St. Mary's High basketball team, Phillip set a school record by scoring 58 points in an 87-37 win over Okemah High. He is the state's leading scorer with a 37.7-point average, and has scored more than 1,000 career points.

LARRY JOHNSON

PLATE 10



A junior at Fernley High, Larry raced to his third consecutive Class A state cross-country championship, covering the 3½-mile European-type course in 13:06. Last year he also won the state one- and two-mile track championships.

ROWE AND SYLVESTER

Figure 1



A 22-year-old electronics technician, Sylvester won the first North American Invitational Barrel-Jumping championship held in Grossingers, N.Y. Competing against five Americans and six Canadians, he jumped 16 barrels for a distance of 75' 6".



Lisa, 10, a member of the Springfield U.S.A. swim team, won nine events at the Parkway Swim Club A-B Winter Invitational in St. Louis. She set meet records in the 100 yard individual medley (1:30.65) and in the 50 freestyle (27.8).

NIGHT PATROL, SUNDA STRAITS.



Radar sweeps the horizon. Sonar pulses beneath the surface.

On the bridge, lookouts use moonlight to search their sectors Java to port, Sumatra to starboard, Krakatau dead ahead.

A job in the Navy doesn't always let you knock off at five o'clock. But on a night as beautiful as this, you don't really care.

It's not just a job, it's an adventure.

The Navy has training in over 60 career fields. If you qualify, we can send you to school in anything from aviation to electronics, from advanced optics to heavy equipment operation. You'll travel, make new friends, get thirty days' vacation with pay.

Navy recruiters have the full story. Speak to one of them or call 800-841-8000 toll free. (In Georgia, 800-342-5855.)

The Navy. If you're looking for an adventure, you've come to the right place.

Capt. R. C. Atwood Jr., U. S. Navy

NAVY OPPORTUNITY INFORMATION CENTER
P.O. Box 2000, Pelham Manor, N.Y. 10603

☐ Send me more information on Navy opportunities (GI)
☐ Call me (GS)

NAME _____

First (Please Print) Last

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

BIRTH DATE _____ Last Grade Completed _____

PHONE _____ (Area Code) _____

\$1.50/line

NAVY. IT'S NOT JUST A JOB, IT'S AN ADVENTURE.

WHY DID THEY WIN?



Was it raw talent? Clever strategy? Overwhelming desire? Or did the losers just self-destruct with fumbles, foul-ups and penalties?

For a point of view that's sometimes surprising, sometimes controversial, but always downright informative...check out SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

We don't have a crystal ball. But we do have the best sports writers, reporters, editors and photographers in the business. People who know sports—and sports people—cold. Insiders who take you inside.

That's why you get so much more out of sports in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. So much more out of the previews, interviews, predictions, postmortems and fascinating sports profiles SI brings you every week. So much more than the who-did-what approach of local newspapers.

Because SPORTS ILLUSTRATED gives you the how and the why of sports. The stories-behind-the-stories, the strategies-behind-the-plays, the brains-behind-the-muscle of the men who make the games you watch so exciting. That's what SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's all about.

Start enjoying it all. The writing that's vivid. The photography that's alive. The Sports Experience without equal. Have SPORTS ILLUSTRATED delivered to you weekly. To subscribe now, just call toll free.

CALL 800-621-8200
(IN ILLINOIS 800-972-6302)

Sports Illustrated

(IT'S A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN SPORTS HEADLINES)

TIME & LIFE BUILDING, 541 NORTH FAIRBANKS COURT, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

Edited by GAY FLOOD

TOP RECRUIT

Sir,

I was more upset than surprised by Kent Hannon's article about the recruiting of Albert King (*Everybody Is Cowering the King*, Feb. 7). It is certainly not Albert or his considerable talents that bother me, but rather the way in which he is being treated by representatives of institutions of higher learning. I do not live in a dream world of pure academics, nor do I wish to. I relish sports and honestly believe that intercollegiate athletics are of great importance to the life of both student and school. But when college coaches take such disproportionate views of their roles that the enrollment of one student becomes "crucial," athletics become detrimental to all. Nor should anyone put the burden of a high national ranking, or, worse yet, a berth in the NCAA finals, on the shoulders of one player. Although he has considerable skills, King is, above all, a person who enjoys playing a game. He obviously hopes to continue enjoying that game in a college atmosphere, but under the present system that appears unlikely. He seems destined to be a basketball commodity rather than a student.

The decision as to which school King will attend should be "crucial" only to him. I wish him the best of luck and hope that pressure-cooker recruiting techniques will not ruin his college experience either on or off the court.

RICHARD SCOFIELD
St. Michaels, Md.

Sir,

Having witnessed numerous times the magical play of Albert King, I can understand why college recruiters are panting, drooling and praying for his services. No matter what college he attends, though, it is the basketball fan who will benefit most. When King realizes his full potential, only superlatives will suffice.

ROBERTO GOTAY JR.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir,

I enjoyed the story on Albert King, who, according to your article, is the most sought-after high school basketball player in the country. However, here in Philadelphia we have a fellow by the name of Gene Banks at West Philadelphia High School, who, in my opinion and that of many others, is the best basketball player in the city since Willie Chamberlain.

Z. JOHN KARPYN
Folsom, Pa.

• Banks has announced that he intends to enroll at Duke this fall —ED

CHOICES

Sir,

Your short item entitled "Perspective" (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 31) is perhaps the most profound commentary on the state of American college sport I have ever seen. Despite the fact that the situation at George Washington University was dealt with good-naturedly by Coach Bob Talbot, it remains all too true that the modern college athlete must often be forced to choose between a collegiate career in sports, which might or might not lead to short-lived glory in the pro ranks, and an education that can prepare a person for a lifetime of meaningful service to others, to family and to self. Unfortunately, the two are often mutually exclusive, especially at major schools.

My choice was fairly easy. Although I had enjoyed some minor recognition as a high school basketball player in northwestern Illinois, my potential in basketball at Illinois Wesleyan University was far short of anything deserving attention. Therefore, it was not exceedingly painful for me to put down the ball and concentrate on my major goal, law school. But what is to happen in the cases of fellows like George Washington's Mike Zagardo, the pre-med major? The rewards of athletic competition are many, but professional schools, especially those of medicine, are becoming harder to get into every year. How many times in the past were we, and how many more times in the future will we be, forced by the structure of major-college sports to trade skilled physicians, lawyers and engineers for second-string journeymen pros, and when will we awaken and do something about it?

FRANK C. MAGILL
Cambridge, Mass.

NO BOOS

Sir,

Thank you for paying tribute to Don Buse, a man whom we Hoovers have long known to be one of the three finest guards in all of basketball (*No Boo-Boos for Boo Boo*, Feb. 7). It seems to me, however, that when a man of Boo's ability does not make the All-Star team, while Don Iseli is voted a starter, the fans have horribly abused their voting privilege. I suggest that we give the balloting back to the sportswriters, coaches and players.

GARY CANADA
Indianapolis

HILL CLIMBERS

Sir,

We welcomed your coverage of the Fargo Street Hill Climb (*This Sport Is Not on the Level*, Feb. 7). The event is one of the more

colorful, challenging and rewarding non-racing cycling happenings in our area.

Worth noting is that while 60-plus single bicycles have made it over the top to date, only two tandems have done so. My wife and I are pleased to be the only tandem couple to conquer Fargo with a street-ready bike. (The other tandem, the one mentioned in your article, was specially prepared and trucked to the hill.) We rode our Jack Taylor tandem to the hill climb and up the hill on that now famous Sunday in 1974 when the Los Angeles Wheelmen held their first Fargo Street ride.

A historical note on Fargo Street is that, before the Glendale Freeway went in, Fargo was about 100 yards longer. Some Fargo Street residents say that the only man ever to ride a bicycle up the old, longer Fargo was John Landy, the famous Australian miler, who was in L.A. for a track meet, spotted Fargo while out for a training run and later climbed it on a borrowed 10-speed.

PHIL AND SUE NORDEN
Claremont, Calif.

Sir,

I am sure I would not have appreciated Sarah Piaggi's article if I had not by chance ridden up a 100-foot hill in Seattle on a borrowed bicycle over Christmas. Murder? Those guys have got to be tough.

More to the point, this is an excellent article on an unusual subject.

JOHN ISADORE
Newbury, S.C.

MONTREAL'S LINE

Sir,

I certainly enjoyed your story about Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt of the Montreal Canadiens (*On the Whole, It's the Donut Line*, Feb. 7). As I see it, this article should tell SI readers two things: 1) the real Big Red Machine plays its home games at the Montreal Forum, not in Riverfront Stadium, and 2) the most valuable flower person in sports is not named Pete Rose. But then, Canadian fans have known these facts for some time. It is an open and shut case.

KIRK DYLL
Des Moines

Sir,

Bravo! That was a fantastic article on Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt. Lafleur, the NHL scoring leader last season, and Shutt, who has more than 80 goals over the last 1½ seasons, deserve to be recognized. Now, how about some recognition for the Los Angeles Kings' dynamo, Marcel Dionne? Currently Dionne is vying for the scoring lead despite his size (5'9", 170 pounds) and the fact that he plays on a much less talented team, with no Shutt

continued

The stereo music center with a handle.

No ordinary portable, this new JVC compact music system can go indoors, outdoors, anywhere you want great stereo music. It's got AM, FM, two shortwave bands, a built-in cassette deck, twin condenser mikes, dual-element 5" speakers, and provisions to use optional external mikes or speakers. It sounds so good you can even use it as a radio/cassette deck for your hi fi system. It's one dynamic package. Once you hear it you'll want to carry it out by the handle.



Model 19475

JVC

JVC America, Inc. 55-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Masspeth, New York 11370 212-476-6300
For the JVC dealer nearest you, call toll free 800-225-7002

People

weekly

Pick up a copy today, wherever you buy magazines

Relieves Tormenting Rectal Pain And Itch, Helps Shrink Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues

...Due to inflammation. Gives prompt, temporary relief from such burning itch and pain in many cases.

The burning itch and pain caused by inflammation in hemorrhoidal tissues can cause much suffering. But there is an exclusive formulation that in many cases gives prompt relief from this itch and pain. It helps shrink swelling of such tissues caused by inflammation.

Tests by doctors on hundreds of patients reported similar successful results in many cases. This medication is available at drug counters every where, under the name *Preparation H*.

There's no other formula like Preparation H. Ointment or suppositories.

15TH HOLE continued

or Jacques Lamsure or Pete Mahovich to pass to or get passes from.

RUSS ALLISON
Fullerton, Calif

NED'S TEAMS

I enjoyed Pat Puzan's article *No Heels in the Achilles* (Feb. 7), having skated left wing for Union College in the dim past. But I must advise you that it was *World War II* that broke up the team, not an early thaw in 1939 as reported. The devastating thaw came in 1948-49 when an attempt was being made to revive the team after the war.

In my freshman year (1940) we skated a full schedule, while the varsity took on the major teams in the East. We participated in the Lake Placid invitational during Christmas vacations up until 1941, skating against St. Lawrence, Princeton, Cornell, Williams, Middlebury, MIT and others. In a major upset in the 1941-42 season, our team beat powerful Army on its own oversized rink. But we came and most of us went off to fight for our country. Some did not come back. Dudley Holmes, '41, captain and goalie of both hockey and lacrosse, went down in his plane, ditching in the Atlantic to avoid possible civilian casualties, after ordering his crew to bail out. Enson now has Ned Harkness, a new rink and a dazzling record; but way back then little enrollment under 9000 Union's hockey team also left its mark.

STEPHEN G. CLARKE
Class of '44
Coventry, Conn

Sir:

Hurrah for college hockey! I was a student at RPI when Ned Harkness was the hockey and lacrosse coach there. We loved him, because he used student athletes who were taking the same engineering and science courses as the rest of us and put RPI on the college athletic map. Although we were sorry to see him leave, I'm sure that all RPI alumni who knew Harkness wish him well at Union—except when RPI meets Union in hockey.

LEONARD TILTERBAUM
Silver Spring, Md

CHARLIE'S STREAM

Your article *The Care and Feeding of a Trout Stream* (Jan. 31) should be required reading for all fly-fishing enthusiasts. It not only shows the enormous amount of time, thought and effort that have been spent to keep Pennsylvania's famed Letort viable despite the onslaught of "progress," but it also gives an insight into the personality of a pioneer in the establishment of wild trout fisheries and stream conservation, Charles K. Fox. I have fished the Letort vicariously many times. Another article like this one and I might have to pack up my flies, close my office and make the trip to Carlisle for the real thing.

PETER C. RYAN
Coudersport, Pa.
continued

In a winter of record low temperatures it is urgent that you conserve gas.



Saving gas can help keep factories running.

As temperatures plunged to new lows in city after city, tremendous demands have been made on America's energy. News bulletins announced factory closings and layoffs in some areas, due to lack of fuel, including natural gas.

Your gas company urges you to conserve gas. Start by complying with the President's request to turn your thermostat down to at least 65°. Turn it lower when you can.

And use storm windows, insulate your attic floor, make your house as weatherproof as you can. Every bit of gas you save helps keep factories running and schools open.

The gas you save helps keep your bill down.

Cold weather has a direct effect on your gas bill. Your greater usage, along with the higher prices your gas company has to pay for this winter's gas, means some of you are getting the highest gas bills you've ever had. But every-

thing you do to conserve gas will help keep your bill down.

Your gas company is doing everything possible to keep the gas coming.

Homes come first, of course. But all over the country, gas companies are working to keep schools, offices, and industries running, too. Even if your city hasn't been hit by cold, turning your thermostat down will help gas companies help each other to keep schools and factories running in colder areas. **AGA** American Gas Association

Changing Your Address?

If you're about to make a move, here's how to insure that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** gets there as soon as you do!



1. Let us know 4 weeks in advance
2. Attach the address label on the cover of one of your subscription copies to this coupon (that will guarantee speed and accuracy)
3. Fill in your new address below
4. Mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611

For even faster service on this or other matters concerning your subscription—billing, renewal, complaints, additional subscriptions—call toll free:

800-621-8200

(in Illinois 800-972-8302)

To order \$1 check box. ☐ new ☐ renewal

NAME
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS APT NO

CITY

STATE ZIP

Subscription price in the U.S.: Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$20 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world: \$17.50. All others: \$14 a year.

19TH HOLE continued

MORE LEFTIES

Sir

Jerry Kirshenbaum is to be commended for his excellent story *On the Other Hand* (Jan. 24). Being an unloved lefty, I can readily identify with the difficulties described. I was a pretty good catcher in my Little League days, but after that no coach ever gave me a chance, simply because I was left-handed. A left-handed catcher does have a few problems trying to throw out a runner at second with a right-handed hitter at bat, but these aren't any greater than those of a right-handed catcher with a left-handed batter. In fact, a left-handed catcher has an advantage over his right-handed counterpart: the lefty can make a quicker pick-off throw to first base, because he doesn't have to shift his feet in order to throw.

KARL JACOBSON
Pittsburgh

Sir

I am a left-handed golfer (four handicap) who had to teach himself from books written by righthanders. The translation of golf's mechanics into a left-hander's terms is rough, to say the least.

During 10 years of playing golf around the South, Southwest and Colorado, I have met quite a few lefties. It has been my observation that there is a higher percentage of lefties than righties with near-scratch handicaps. I have also found that the lefty hacker has an advantage since courses laid out by righthanders usually put traps and trouble to the right, to catch the righthander's slice. And whenever the doglegs break left, they favor the lefty's slice.

HOWARD ROOPE
Lubbock, Texas

Sir

There are more left-handed shooters in the National Hockey League than righthanders, and alongside the names of many NHL greats appears the telltale phrase "shoots left." The cast of sinistrals includes Bobby Orr, Bobby Clarke, Bobby Hull and Phil Esposito. Of the 24 forwards chosen for this year's All-Star team, 11 shoot left-handed. Among the 12 defencemen, 11 shoot left. Considering this abundance of portside shooters, perhaps we should look to the NHL as the left-handers' haven of the future.

J. C. SMALL
New Canaan, Conn.

Sir

I heartily agree with Jerry Kirshenbaum that southpaws are in a class by themselves. Being one of the fortunate few, and proud of it, I would like to know if Kirshenbaum is left-handed.

TOM FLEMING
St. Marys, Pa.

• Kirshenbaum is a righty. But Senior Editor Walt Bingham, whose idea the story was, and Senior Editor Bob Ottum, who nursed it along, are lefties.—ED.

TENNIS ON ICE

Sir

I am writing in regard to the suggestion in *SCORECARD* (Jan. 10) that the Russians were the first to play tennis on ice, with skates. My family has been playing tennis on the frozen pond at our farm for the past two winters. In our tournament no Russian has yet reached the quarterfinals.

FRED McCUTCHEN
Gormley, Ontario

Sir

I believe the Russians will have to backdate any claim to have invented tennis on ice by about 25 years, if they want to make it stand up. Tennis was played on ice—without skates—by Pancho Segura, Jack Kenney, Ricardo Balbiero and Igor Cassini in Francoist Spain in 1952. I did not witness the game but am quite sure it was played with standard equipment.

EDWIN F. ESTLE
Littleton, N.H.

Sir

In 1940, as the winter sports director of Grossinger's in the Catskills, I challenged Eli Epstein, our tennis pro, who taught many leading U.S. players, to a tennis match on ice skates. The exhibition was seen by a thousand guests and used in newsreels and on TV internationally.

IRVING JAFFEE
Managing Director
National Winter Sports Association
San Diego

• Jaffee, a speedskater, won three Olympic gold medals for the U.S., one in 1928 in the 10,000-meter event and two in 1932 in the 5,000 and 10,000.—ED.

Sir

Members of the Longview Tennis Club of Duluth scheduled two men's singles matches as part of a New Year's Eve party for Dec. 31, 1928 and a men's doubles match for the following New Year's Day. All three matches were played under less than ideal conditions. Temperatures were sub-zero, so players were clothed in bulky attire and their feet were cold, despite numerous layers of socks worn inside their skates. The ice was so smooth that there was little friction between the ball and the playing surface. Consequently, the ball did not bounce, but slid on the ice, making returns very difficult, and because in every case the players were well filled with "antifreeze," their reactions were sluggish at best.

Nonetheless, the Russians must go back to the drawing boards. Once again, the U.S. got there first.

JOHN H. MCCARTHY
Duluth

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

"A flame went out
when old-style convertibles died.
But now I'm all lit up again."



FORD

When America needs
a better idea,
Ford puts it on wheels.

THE CONVERTIBLE KICK IS BACK

Ford announces the Mustang T-roof convertible. New excitement from the sweet-handling Mustang II. Tinted, see-through T-roof panels come off in seconds, store in the trunk, and let the sun



(or stars) shine in. Another feature that sets Mustang apart from other sporty cars in its class. Clear your head... see your Ford Dealer.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION



There's a smooth way
to get away from harsh taste.

Only KOOL has the
smooth taste of extra coolness.

Come up to KOOL.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.